

MAY

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

The Making
of Prince Rupert.

A Photographer-Genius.

A Remarkable
Canadian Chinaman.

The MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

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MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG AND LONDON, ENG.

Publication Office 10 Front St. E. Toronto.

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVIII

TORONTO, MAY 1909

No 1

Prince Rupert in the Making

By ERNEST CAWCROFT

From the Bookkeeper

THE modern captain of industry has achieved another triumph in undertaking to make cities in order. The creation of a city in the ancient world involved the problem of conquering and defending a pivotal site; the location and development of a metropolis in the days of our revolutionary forefathers was the combination of possibilities and circumstances, but the past fifteen years have been signalized by the making of cities to order either to gratify the pride of an autocrat, or to meet the necessities of modern business.

It is a trite truism of history that mankind tends to follow the water-courses of the earth. The ocean afforded the first open sea, inviting the adventuresome traders of all nations, then the rivers led men along definite routes of exploration, tempting them far into the interior of unknown continents because the voyagers were confident that they could return home by the same route; and the inland lakes became the basis for operations designed to secure vast tracts of the new continent for the exclusive dominion of the white race. During the days of Venetian commercial supremacy, the trade which flowed to that centre of life followed the Mediterranean Sea, the

ancient world boasted of no great city like Rome unless a river Tiber afforded a means of influx and egress; without the Thames London would not have become more than a thriving village, rather than the distributive centre of the earth. The Hudson River flowing into the sea furnished the basis for the commercial supremacy of New York city; the Great Lakes became the basin for the rich wealth of the west in the early days of the republic; and when the people of New York state showed their sagacious sense by connecting the Hudson with the Lakes through the construction of the Erie canal, they simply multiplied the number of advantageous locations open to the settling sons of men. Mankind followed this artificial waterway and a chain of cities resulted. The Merrimac furnished water power and Lawrence and Lowell became the textile centres of the nation; Duluth became the famed city of the unsalted seas because it was located at the head of Lake Superior. The number of cities which afford illustration of this historical truism may be multiplied without limitation. The racial principle still prevails in shaping the commercial destinies of the continent; but it has been supplemented



CANADIAN NATIONAL ART GALLERY SERIES, No. 5

THE CHES PLAYER

PAINTED BY W. A. ROULTON



TERTIARY BUSINESS STREET AT PRINCE RUPERT



THE FIRST DOCK AT PRINCE RUPERT

or modified by the power which steam placed in the hands of the railroad magnate to promote the arbitrary location and development of cities to meet the demands of particular business enterprises.

The cities of the seaboard are destined to retain their commercial supremacy. The ocean invites the competition of all men; there can be no monopoly of routes and the existing cities of the sea reap the benefits of that fact. But in the growth of existing cities and in the location of newer communities on the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific, the railroads of the continent are to be the determining factors. The complaints filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission by the commercial bodies of rival cities relative to differentials are an evidence of the fact that the future growth of existing cities is in the sole hands of the railroads subject only to government regulation. But the self interests of

the citizens of these rival cities assures an adjustment of this situation; and hence it becomes of more decided interest to witness the movement to select this or that location out of many available sites as the terminus of pending railroad or waterway projects.

The nations are racing to the open, warm water ports of both oceans. Port Churchill on Hudson's Bay, nearer to the wheat fields of the north than any other seaboard point on the continent would be the metropolis of the New World, were there no ice floes in the bay during seven months of the year; New Orleans and Galveston are becoming the export centres for western grain because the warm water of the Gulf of Mexico affords points of export open to ships of the world for twelve months of every year. The needs of the people of Russia, similar in effect to those of the inhabitants of the American

north-land, impelled the Czar into war with Japan. Prompted by the political will of Peter the Great, the Russians have ever sought the warm water ports of the south, whether on the yellow seas by force or along the Black Sea by skill in diplomacy. This racial tendency resulted in the making to order of Dalny, that wonderful city of the Russian littoral in Asia, just as the needs of the United States Steel Corporation led to the upbuilding of Gary on the Indiana shores of Lake Michigan. Colon has been modernized because it was needed as a canal terminus, and La Boca will be of commercial and strategic importance when it becomes the Pacific terminus of the Panama water way. Thus it is evident that in every part of the world the hand of the magnate may be seen modifying or supplementing the racial tendency to follow the water courses of the earth.

Once man located at a given point because he reached that spot in his sailboat, because the drinking water was wholesome, or the firewood available in quantities. To-day he is moved by somewhat similar considerations, but to a larger degree; but this mastery of his necessities is enlarged through the development of land transportation facilities. In other words, the railroads enable him to select the best of many sites on ocean, river and lake, which appeal to him as wholesome places to live and work from an economic and scenic standpoint.

The truth of this argument finds support through the location of a railroad city at Port Simpson on the Pacific Coast. Prince Rupert is the appropriate name given to this city which is being made to order. It is planned to create a commercial pivot, through the meeting of the Grand Trunk Pacific with the waters of the Pacific, which will be a fitting

monument to Prince Rupert and his associate gentlemanly adventurers, who took title to the soil of the western provinces in the name of their king and in the interests of their Hudson's Bay Company. The success of other cities on the Pacific coast, which have been made to order through the concrete application of the plans of the vigorous railroad magnates, assures the rapid completion of the work now under way in the upbuilding of Prince Rupert.

Every railroad must have a starting point and a terminus. The starting point in the past was and is today determined by the pivotal location of lake and ocean harbors. In the early days of railroad construction, the railroads followed the population which had located along the waterways before steam was applied to transportation; to-day the people follow the transcontinentals, rapidly filling the virgin lands opened to settlement through the laying of the steel highways. The former fact is illustrated by the existence of the Grand Trunk connecting in the east with Montreal and Quebec on the St. Lawrence and with Halifax on the Atlantic seaboard. These pivotal connections enabled the railroad to import European immigrants and in turn to export grain to the hungry cities of Europe. But once the starting point is predetermined, the terminus may be one of many available sites, particularly in view of the latter day willingness of population to follow the railroads and to inhabit the made-to-order cities of the transportation magnates.

To-day the Grand Trunk is working in conjunction with the Dominion Government for the purpose of constructing a transcontinental which will traverse the rich lands of the western provinces and connect with advantageous eastern terminals. It was clear to statesmen and railroad engineers alike, that

this quasi-governmental line must connect with the eastern depots of the Grand Trunk, thence tap Fort William and Port Arthur as the grain centres of the Dominion at the head of Lake Superior, and pass perforce through such strategic distributive centres as Winnipeg and Edmonton. But when the survey reached Edmonton and when the engineers were no longer led westward by the course of the waters of the fertile Saskatchewan valley, the matter of routes became a subject of interesting study. It is true that far beyond Edmonton the Indian hunters have continued to find valuable furs and that Hudson Bay missionaries continue to tell of the mining and agricultural possibilities of the Peace river country.

But the engineers and statesmen were confronted by the triple problem of selecting one of the several routes which complied with certain test conditions. In the first place, the engineers had to find a pass through the Canadian Rockies, just as the surveyors of the Canadian Pacific were compelled to spend two years in handlog and working their way through the now famous Rogers Pass; then in taking the line through the country and over the grades of the Rockies, it was necessary to strike a deep and warm water port on the British Columbia shores of the Pacific. The engineers were checked on the other hand by the necessary demand of the statesmen that the railroad pass through fertile land, whose climate and summer sunlight invited the cultivation of the ambitions and adventuresome sons of both continents. Two years of work enabled a thousand young surveyors to combine their brains and brawn in meeting this demand. The Grand Trunk Pacific leaves Edmonton and the headwaters of the Saskatchewan to traverse the lakes of the Peace river region, the territory adjacent to the famous Atha-



TEMPORARY RAILROAD HOTEL AT PRINCE RUPERT

basca Landing, through the picturesque White Horse Pass, affording a lower grade over the Rockies than any other road in the United States or Canada, and thence down through the thickly timbered lands of British Columbia sloping to the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

And in approaching the waters of the Pacific the surveyors sought a harbor which combined depth of channel with surrounding hills to protect the promised city from the storms of the Pacific and from the guns of a possible Asiatic enemy. There at Port Simpson they found a bay of the Pacific which conforms to these conditions. A glance at the map of British Columbia shows that Port Simpson is five hundred miles north of Vancouver, the city which was created twenty-two years ago as the terminus of the Canadian Pacific railroad, and that the desirable harbor upon which Prince Rupert is located is nearer the Asi-

atic mainland than any other point which juts into the Pacific from the continent of North America. Situated on an estuary which to a degree is similar to the formation of the Clyde in Scotland, surrounded by forest-covered hills between which a navigable river flows and rendered defensible as a commercial and naval base because of the adjacent position of the Queen Charlotte Islands, the site of Prince Rupert as the terminus of a new transcontinental will inevitably impel the development of a metropolis of the Dominion.

The completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific along the route described means that a steel avenue for the timber and grain of the north will be provided between the Atlantic and Pacific. The lumber of British Columbia will be removed eastward to the cities of the Atlantic, while the grain will be distributed in both directions along this route

to the bread centres of the continent. The arrival of the Canadian Pacific at the forest-skirted site now known as Vancouver signalized the creation of a commercial city within the following decade, and in the same sense the coming of the Grand Trunk Pacific to Prince Rupert implies that preliminary preparations must be made for accommodating the commerce and the passengers moving from the Occident to the Orient. The pivotal fact should not be overlooked that the Grand Trunk Pacific will afford the quickest route for mail and passengers between London and Tokio. And why? Simply because the railroad moves faster than the steamship the trains will meet the European ships on the eastern point of land extending into the Atlantic, while the harbor of Prince Rupert is nearer to Asia than any other site on the continent. The long rail haul is an assurance of speed and thus it is evident that this new railway and the commerce destined to pass through Prince Rupert are to play a distinctive part in cementing anew the ties of the British Empire.

Trade is headed for Prince Rupert in the same sense that it inevitably flows to Seattle, Tacoma and Vancouver. The city is to be placed just in the convenient way of a commercial movement. The transportation leaders, no less than the people of northern British Columbia, have not overlooked this essential fact. To-day preparations are being made for the export and import commerce which will follow in the wake of the completed Grand Trunk Pacific two years hence. In other words, this day Prince Rupert becomes a city in the making.

Nor is Prince Rupert to be founded on ordinary village lines in the hope that the years will provide the spirit and characteristics of a metropolis. The town is not going to be permitted

to grow from a village into a metropolis. This made-to-order city is to start life upon a metropolitan basis. The exigencies of railroad development assure this happy consummation.

And are not the reasons for this clear to the thinking mind? When the Grand Trunk arrives on the shores of the Pacific at Prince Rupert, it must have freight and passenger business. Tourists cannot be led this way to the Orient without an assurance that the accommodations at the point of departure are excellent; and freight cannot be handled at a profit unless the point of export or import is supplied with every mechanical device to facilitate the cheap and expeditious discharge of large cargoes. Thus the railroad men responsible for the location and development of Prince Rupert have made it clear that the town will be laid out on a metropolitan basis. This means that first-class hotels and paved streets will be provided for the prospective globe-trotters; while cranes, large docks and every mechanical appliance will be afforded to promote the movement of cargoes from the cars to the ships of the Pacific.

To-day the traveler in visiting Prince Rupert by means of the steamships plying between the cities of Puget Sound and Alaska is impressed by the evidences of industrial activity which characterize the coming metropolis. Two years ago only a saw mill and the tents of the surveyors indicated the site of the city now making to order. To-day the docks which are being extended to line each side of the deep narrow harbor; the ships and government schooners which pass in and out of the harbor; the more substantial buildings in course of construction under the direction of the representatives of the Grand Trunk Pacific, are the forerunners of the bustle and metropolitan energy

which will mark the town when the first transcontinental moves through White Horse Pass and down to the Pacific two years hence.

The construction of this city-to-be has attracted the attention of the globe trotter, the real estate speculator and the adventure-some from many lands. But while those types of humanity serve to give color and zest to the rapidly growing community, they are not being allowed to exploit the city at the expense of the future interests of the region. There are to be no narrow lanes running through Prince Rupert because a few speculators are not willing to undertake adequate and scientific surveys; there are to be no shacks which will remain as a vested interest to menace the town by fire and mar the architecture of the place; and the epidemics arising through faulty sewerage and bad water will not arise in connection with this city

as in the case of many similar municipal sites, because a wholesome supply will be tapped by the railroad at the outset. A city which is to be the export centre of a transcontinental railroad and the point to which the steamships of the Orient will converge will reap a decided commercial impetus because of the existence of a sanitary port from the beginning of municipal life.

The architectural defects of the cities of the republics of the world are well known. Only a Czar can plan and build a Dalm; only a United States Steel Corporation is able to lay out a Gary on a plain of land with streets running at right angles and every municipal device designed to aid in the upbuilding of the place as an industrial centre; and no successor of the autocratic Napoleon has dared to make the marked changes in the street lines which the First Consul made in his capital in the interests of the archi-



THE HILLS SURROUNDING THE HARBOR

tectural beauty of Paris but at the expense of the vested property rights of the citizens. The problem therefore, confronting the friends of municipal development, in a day when the courts afford every protection to the rights of the abutting property owner, is to lay out and promote the growth of a city on broad, expansive lines. Happily, this is possible because the Grand Trunk Pacific has retained the title to the site of Prince Rupert which it gained from the Dominion Government; and when the available city sites are placed on the market next September, the broad streets of the city will have been marked, the sewers will have been placed and those safeguards will have been established which are preliminary to the expansion of the community along metropolitan lines without a few individuals profiting at the expense of the general welfare. Hence the student of municipal government may look forward to the completed Prince Rupert as a type of community growth along deliberate and sound lines.

There is history to be made during the next twenty years with Prince Rupert as the pivot of human activity. Little did the men who first reached Vancouver on the Canadian Pacific realize that the path which they trod down to the sea would become the Hastings street of brick and pavements within ten years thereafter. Vancouver had to divide the glory of rapid growth with the other cities of the Puget Sound region, and it is in that sense that Prince Rupert will enjoy a distinction altogether unique. The completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific

will force the growth of Prince Rupert and the existence of the railroad and the city will in turn force the establishment of another line of steamers plying between the Orient and North America and in fact the project is already announced; no less will the extent of the international and coast commerce, which will centre around this harbor under the shallow of Alaska, make the place of strategic naval importance. A glance at the map, with particular attention devoted to the location of Queen Charlotte Islands, will show the reader that Prince Rupert has the advantages of the seaboard without being deprived of those natural sources of defense from attack, which are an unconscious factor in the development of every metropolis.

To Hawaii by way of the Panama Canal and to Japan by way of the Peace river and Prince Rupert, will be the next call made to those whose feet are moved by the spirit of the wanderlust. The rapid construction and near-by completion of waterways and transcontinentals foretell the growth of commercial pivots along the whole Pacific Coast from La Brea at the mouth of the Panama Canal to the frost-bitten harbors of Alaska. The geographical location, the warm Japanese current, the inevitable commerce which must follow the steel avenues of trade, and the tendency of mankind to move along the lines of least resistance, in this age in Pullmans but in a previous century in river boats indicate that Prince Rupert will become one of the most important links in this new chain of commercial emporiums.



SAILING AT SUNSET

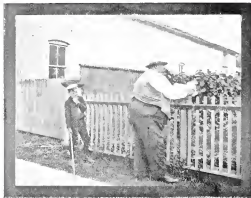
A Canadian Photographic Genius

By G. W. BROCK

Illustrated from Photographs by the Subject of the Article

GENIUS is a great gift. Its possessor should not be proud, but grateful. To be arrogant over an attractive face, a splendid figure, a rugged constitution or genius reveals weakness rather than strength. The majority of people, who use a natural talent wisely and well, are thankful for such a special endowment, particularly if it manifests itself early in life, and they have the means of cultivating and developing it. Inborn powers, that fructify in the morning of one's career, mean much to the possessor. Opportunities open and genius marches along life's highway to the attainment of success, the realization of ambition or the gratification of an ideal. Thus brilliant men and women, owing to

a favorable start, created by faculty and facilities, have gained a considerable lead on their competitors in the literary, business, scientific or professional world. Near the end they have now and then discovered that they have to reckon with some one who, at the outset, was not thought to be a dangerous opponent—whose powers and prowess had not been proclaimed. In the political arena the unknown—the newly awakened—contestant is termed a dark horse. Not only have men of latent talent and signal ability been discovered in mid-life, but they have often passed the meridian of their allotted days before they have discovered themselves or learned what is in them. They have, perhaps, just begun to comprehend



THE GREAT TEMPTATION

that "a man's best things are nearest him, he clasp about his feet," or, with Benjamin Disraeli, believe "the secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes."

All victories do not belong to youth; neither do the greatest achievements come to the aged. Benjamin Franklin did not begin his philosophical experiments until after mid-life, and the great Lincoln himself did not crown his matchless career until he was fifty-three years of age, when he emancipated the slave, Cromwell, Galvani, Milton, Goethe, Angelo, Paine, Bismarck, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier and many others accomplished most in and after mid-life. Some had no knowledge of talent; they had failed in other lines.

It is not necessary to go outside of our own country or province to find examples of men, eminent in their profession, who, a few years ago, were not aware that they had aptitude or fitness for any special line.

Less than a dozen years ago in the seaport town of Goderich, Ontario, there was a photographer with no brighter vision than making a living and giving his customers satisfactory service. He never dreamed of anything beyond a local reputation—was not cognizant that he could do anything more.

To tell the plain truth, he started the study of photography by accident—as a means of making a living. He might, if an opening had come along, have been a carpenter, a druggist, or a machinist. Leaving his father's farm in Huron county, one summer morning nearly 30 years ago, he walked into town, determined to get work of some kind. It mattered not what the employment was, so long as he secured a job. Seeing a sign in a studio window "Boy Wanted," he sauntered in and asked for a chance to learn the business which happened to be photography. After serving the usual apprenticeship, the youth—R. R. Sallows—began business for himself

and for eighteen years he plodded along, sometimes doing more and at other times less than in the previous year. He was simply a rural "artist"—the term frequently heard—and there are dozens of them in every Canadian county. One afternoon Mr. Sallows took a stroll on one of the many country roads leading to Goderich. He had no definite object in view any more than has the hunter,

the kind desired, but the latent talent in him—the ability to do special work of the highest character, which until now had been dormant—was aroused. The Goderich gentleman had discovered himself and incidentally been discovered. He now entered a new avenue—a vista of many viewpoints. Domestic scenes, pictures of rural life, views of nature in her wildest and lov-

eliest moods, hunting, fishing, boating, camping and outdoor pastimes generally came within the focus of his camera. He has received commissions from periodicals and art houses of the old and new world to such an extent that he is not able to keep up with the demand for his productions. Recently he made a trip to a lumber camp 150 miles west of North Bay, in the vicinity of Nairn, to



R. R. SALLONS

the half-tone made from the picture, he was amazed. For the first time in his life he had permitted himself to wander from straight portrait work. Beyond the natural pleasure occasioned by seeing his production in the Chicago periodical, he thought nothing more of it at the time; but he does to-day. A few days after there flowed in from publishing and advertising houses all over America requests for samples. He practically had none of

procure views of life in the shanty for leading London publications. He still conducts the studio in his native town, but leaves portrait problems to others, while he devotes all his time to special work. The foremost American magazines and illustrated monthlies, railways and various other corporations have always been glad to accept his work at very high prices. Mr. Sallows has so far wandered from the usual that he knows instinctively what publishers desire and what will



A LITTLE JOYRIDER

command the best figure. Any scene that affords a revelation of certain phases of rural life, peculiar tendencies or practices on the part of settlers, the development of human nature, the peaceful and picturesque in the great world about us—all find in him the means of wide and faithful portrayal. "What the publishers want," he remarked, "is something

around which they can build a story or tell a tale of the life and doings of the people. Anything out of the ordinary is always acceptable and the call constantly comes for more."

The ability of Mr. Sallows to take persons unawares, in their natural moods, at their common callings, or amid familiar environs, has resulted



A BARNYARD TRICK



THE OUTDOOR OVEN



A FRIEND IN NEED

in imparting to his work, wonderfully natural and life-like qualities. There is an entire absence of that restraint, posing or stiffness frequently found in the photographs of persons, their pursuits and pleasures. Mr. Sallows

never takes a picture of an animated scene when the persons are conscious that they are being photographed. To this fact he attributes much of the success that has attended his labors in their realism and vividness.

Why Americans Fail in England

By LORD NORTHCLIFFE

From Printer's Ink.

YOU ask me why a number of American advertisers who have been successful in their own country have not met with a corresponding degree of good fortune in England.

I would point out that, as a matter of fact, there are a number of American businesses that are extremely prosperous. A business once established in England may be considered more permanent than anywhere else; that, we think, is a settled fact. The English are less changeable than any other people; but, on the other hand, they are not so easily captured.

Many of your business people who wish to establish themselves in England do not sufficiently survey the field, and, as a rule, do not send their best men.

People have come to me with letters of introduction, who have been sent over to open business in England, though they have never been out of the United States before, and have no idea of English customs, spelling or business habits. I have known them to come to London to introduce goods which are already over-produced in England. I have seen them send over tons of printed matter that, from lack of knowledge, was absolutely worthless, or less than worthless.

I remember one concern spending a great sum of money in advertising the fact that they were about to introduce American "shoes" to

England. No one could understand what they were after. A "shoe" with us means a low shoe; with you it means, I believe, what we call a boot. This is only one of many mistakes that I have seen made.

It is absolutely essential before entering the English market to have preliminary investigations made by one who understands British demands and British ways. The nature of the competition that will have to be faced should also be carefully ascertained.

A new-comer must also remember that the habits of the people in different parts of England vary much more greatly than do the habits of people in different parts of the United States. Scotland is in many ways entirely different to the North of England, and the North of England is again quite unlike the South. The hours and habits of business men vary considerably in various parts of the United Kingdom.

A common complaint made by the visiting American is that the heads of our business concerns are inaccessible. They are not inaccessible when the time comes for the discussion of business, but they very wisely avoid unnecessary business interviews, a principle that I notice is being followed in the United States much more than when I first made its acquaintance, fifteen years ago.

Our interviews are much shorter. The Englishman is said to be blent

and brusque. He does not mean to be, but while he is at business he gets through as much as he possibly can. English business letters are much shorter than yours; you do not think yourselves courteously used if a business reply seems brief.

I do not think you can expect an American with less than a year's knowledge of England to make a very accurate survey of the field.

In regard to advertising, the situations are quite dissimilar; with you it is the evening papers that have great circulation; with us the morning journals, save in one or two parts of the North of England, where, as with you, the evening journal looks as though it may predominate. We have not your array of monthly magazines. We have practically no mail order journals, but we have hundreds of weekly newspapers and periodicals, each in their way valuable to the advertisers.

An American friend came to me eight years ago with regard to the introduction of his business into England, and asked my advice in handling a domestic commodity and necessity. It had been his intention to put the matter in charge of a gentleman in London who handled a considerable number of other specialties. I said to him: You would not dream of handing your Chicago business over to a middle man, and here you propose to do so with a population of 40,000,000 people. He thought it over, and, after adjusting his affairs, came to England himself, made a general survey of the country, and then selected one of the smaller towns for his experiment. I gather that he has made a large fortune, for he is now coming to England to embark on another venture, which I have no doubt will be as successful as his first.

Every country has its prejudices, its natural likes and dislikes, for many of which it is difficult to ascribe any reason. Many American

articles have failed in England for need of a little adjustment. In such small matters as the wearing of boots, for example. You wear light boots and in wet and cold weather put on "rubbers," or, as we say, "goloshes." Rubbers with us are regarded as something for old maids and curates; when they are mentioned it is a signal for laughter. You will remember that the Curate in the "Private Secretary" carried round with him a pair of goloshes and a bottle of milk. I do not see why the habit of wearing rubbers should not be made general in England, where we have more damp days than you, and are just as fond of catching cold.

It is useless, however, to try to force some things on people. The Pullman car, for instance, was a hopeless failure in England. I cannot tell you why, but the people did not like them. There are only one or two now running. But a modification of the Pullman car would, in my judgment, have been very successful.

Some years ago a man came to me with a letter of introduction, asking for advice as to whether he should open some "shoe-shining saloons." He had been through London once on his way to Paris, and had noticed that there were no "shoe parlors," as he called them. Here was a city, he said, with a population taken on a Chicago or Philadelphia basis of ten or twelve millions, where there must be a magnificent opportunity for such an enterprise. I pointed out to him that in England that kind of thing was done at home, and that if a person should appear on the streets with unbrushed boots, he would be regarded as far from respectable. However, my advice was disregarded. I understand that the shoe saloon was opened, and the proprietor gathered in about twenty customers a week.

Exercise That Rests

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.D.

From Cosmopolitan

ONE of the oldest and truest of the Gallic gibes at the English was that they "took their pleasures sadly." *Matamus cælum non animum* ("We change our skies but not our temper"), and if old Froissart could comment on this hybrid Anglo-Saxon civilization of ours he would need to change only one word—we "take our pleasures strenuously." What else could be expected of a nation, one dominant influence in the founding of which had for its motto, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do?" In such an atmosphere idleness has come to be regarded not merely as a negative fault, but as a positive crime. Not even the rich dare to be idle, but are driven by public opinion to a perpetual round of busy foolishness, to make themselves believe they are doing something. Play must always be apologized for.

We have eagerly accepted and practised the Gospel of Work, but ignored the Gospel of Rest—save by postponing it to a future life. Indeed, any attempt to promulgate it in this world would have to reckon with the feeling that it was something almost immoral, and certainly against good public policy. Work, whether bodily or mental, is inherently virtuous and profitable, though occasionally dangerous in extremes. Rest, or to put it more frankly, idleness, is inherently immoral and injurious, though to be tolerated at times. One of our latest would-be philosophers has even lamented the irksome and humiliating necessity of wasting one-third of our time in sleep; and our "chew-chew"

friends propose to save half the time which we now waste in the coarse and insipid task of devouring our food. We have no time to live nowadays, only to work.

A decided reaction has set in, however, against this "strive, never grudge the strain" attitude, not only from an æsthetic and hedonistic point of view, but more emphatically from a physical and practical one. On the one hand, we are learning from stern practical experience that it does not pay to work either ourselves or others too hard or too incessantly, if we want a high quality of product. On the other hand, our laboratory workers are piling up proof upon proof that all life, all activity, is emphatically rhythmic—a phase of activity alternating with a phase of rest, both phases being absolutely necessary to its continuance. The intenser the activity of the positive stage the longer and profounder the calm of the resting stage. They tell us emphatically that rest is not a mere breathing-space for recovery from action, a mere negative interval, but on the contrary a most positive one, during which are built up the energies which are to be expended in the next bout of work. In short, intelligent idleness is not only an important factor in success, but is as necessary as well-directed industry.

Take, for instance, such a classic illustration of incessant and unremitting activity as the heart. The "muffled drum" of its ceaseless beat has been one of the favorite metaphors for never-tiring, never-ceasing activity.

ity, work that cannot stop until death comes to its relief. Never will it rest save in the grave, we are dramatically assured. It is sad to destroy such poetic illusions, but to hold the stopwatch on this physiological little busy bee is to discover that, as a matter of fact, it is resting about thirteen hours out of each twenty-four. Even this eleven-hour day would, of course, disqualify it for joining any self-respecting labor union, but that is very different from its popular reputation of working twenty-four hours a day. The best of the heart is a series of explosions, like that of a gas-engine or an automobile-motor, and the period of rest (diastole) is a period in which fuel is accumulated and prepared in its muscle-wall, just as gasoline vapor and air are drawn into the cylinders of an automobile, to be used in the next explosion. Here, as elsewhere, periods of rest are really periods of concealed activity, and in one sense as much "work," and as important work, is done in our resting phases as in our working phases.

This is beautifully illustrated, in the case of the heart, in that as long as an abundant supply of fresh food-energy is brought to it by the blood, increasing the rapidity of its beat, it will, up to a certain limit, increase the work done. But this period has very definite limitations, and as soon as the rapid beating has continued for a moderate length of time, or the supply of fresh blood-fuel is interfered with, the rapidly beating heart begins to do less work than the slow one. The pulse of exhaustion and of weakness, for instance, is nearly always rapid, and the few drugs which will increase the work done by the heart are chiefly those which slow the beat and enable it to accumulate a reasonable amount of explosive force between its contractions.

Broadly speaking, the younger, the smaller, and the weaker individuals are, the more rapid will be their pulses; while the stronger and the more vigorous, the slower, within certain limits. Though other influences

are concerned in minor degree, it is significant, in this connection, that the child has a pulse of one hundred or more, the woman a pulse of eighty-five, and the grown man one of seventy.

Our forefathers stumbled upon a remarkably apt and significant word to express rest, or restful change of activity—"re-creation." For this is literally what is happening to our powers during apparent rest.

The other so-called incessant, or unceasing, activity of living bodies, breathing, is even more clearly and obviously rhythmic and alternating in character. We breathe about 18 or 20 times a minute, and of the three or more seconds consumed in taking each breath a little more than forty-five per cent. suffices for the active work of expanding the chest and producing the partial vacuum into which the air rushes. The remaining time is taken up by the falling back of the chest-walls under the influence of gravity, in driving out the inspired air, and in resting before the next inspiration.

Of course, all the open activities of the body, muscular and mental, undergo an eclipse of sleep for at least eight hours of the twenty-four. But even this is no longer regarded as merely a negative process, an interval for simple recovery from exhaustion. There are a score of physiologic facts to show that sleep is a positive process, a time of rebuilding, of recharging of the body-battery. Instead of its being analogous to death, it is during sleep that our bodies are more constructively and profitably alive—building up energy, accumulating capital to be spent recklessly during our waking hours. We save during sleep and spend when we are awake, and it is the latter which will bring us to bodily bankruptcy, not the former.

Another important, almost revolutionary, change in the scientific attitude toward work has come from the study of the nature of fatigue. Formerly it was, not unnaturally, regarded

as a literal exhaustion of strength, a burning or using up of all the store of energy or fuel in our muscles. Now, however, we know that fatigue is simply the result of a form of self-poisoning. We are being suffocated and paralyzed by our waste products. To take a very simple illustration, if the leg-muscle of an anesthetized frog is stimulated by an electric current, after contracting rapidly and vigorously for some minutes, its responses will gradually become slower and slower until they cease altogether. The muscle, we say, is tired out. It, however, a current of normal saline solution (simple salt water) is driven through the muscle so as to wash it out thoroughly, and the electric stimulus is again applied, it will promptly begin contracting again.

And this process can be repeated several times without any fresh food-energy being supplied to the muscle, although the periods of work will become shorter and shorter. In short, fatigue is due to the clogging of the body-engine by its own ashes and cinders. A practical proof of this in the human body is the restful and invigorating effect of skilful massaging after violent and prolonged exercise. Scarcely a football team will take the field for an important game without being accompanied by one or more masseurs whose duty it is to thoroughly knead and rub and stretch every muscle in the players' bodies at its close. This will be found to make all the difference between waking next morning stiff and sore and rising almost as fresh and supple as ever. The explanation of the process is simply that by vigorous kneading, rubbing, and shampooing, the muscles are assisted to empty themselves of the fatigue-poisons, and circulation being at the same time stimulated these are carried away, to be burned up in the lungs, exhaled through the skin, or washed out through the kidneys. The well-known effects of a very hot bath in preventing soreness and stiffness after unusual or unaccustomed exer-

cise or exposure are another case in point. Here the heat stimulates both the waste-burning changes and the activity of the circulation through the muscles, and washes them clean of their self-poisons.

It is even being suggested by physiologists of repute that this process of fatigue-prevention may be carried a step farther, that by burning up or neutralizing these waste-poisons not merely after, but during, work itself, endurance may be greatly increased. The plan is simply to improve upon nature's great method of neutralizing these poisons by administering her own antidote, oxygen, in more concentrated form than it is contained in the air. Already Dr. Leonard Hill, a well-known English physiologist, has reported some remarkable improvements of endurance in long-distance running and other athletic feats, by allowing athletes to inhale pure oxygen at certain intervals from a flask carried with them. This is certainly much safer and much less objectionable than the prevailing method—which is far too common—of administering stimulants and narcotics in the last stages of endurance runs. As an ex-champion bicycle-racer remarked to me recently, "the first two days of a six-day race are run on your training and on food; the next two on your nerve; and the last two on champagne, cocaine, and other 'dopes.'"

This habit, by the way, is another illustration of the nature of fatigue. A drink of whisky or a small dose of cocaine or morphine will promptly remove "that tired feeling," not by adding any new strength whatever, but simply by dulling our nerves to the sense of discomfort produced by the fatigue-poisons and enabling us to stagger blindly on and use up more of our reserve energy. This is the chief secret of the danger of depending upon stimulants, so called.

But why does nature allow the body-engine to be clogged and "hot-boxed," as it were, in this apparently short-sighted and irrational way, long

before it has really exhausted its steaming power? A moment's reflection will show us; and this brings us to the most important and practical point in our new conception of fatigue, which is that it is a protective reaction on the part of nature, one of her greatest and most important danger-signals. In other words, when you are tired it is physically time to quit; that is nature's five-o'clock whistle. To disregard it is physically as irrational as to crowd on all steam and forge ahead when there is a hot bearing or a screeching axle.

But, it will be objected at once, this may be all very well as a matter of pure theory, but it is impossible, almost absurd, in practice. Here, however, comes in another important new discovery in regard to fatigue which makes the problem simpler and brings it within reach of practical solution. This is that each particular organ or tissue makes its own fatigue-poison, and that this, while disabling to the particular organ or tissue which produces it, is very much less so, and in some instances scarcely at all, to the rest of the body. This is why, within certain limits, change of activity rests us.

All life is, of course, chemical activity, and every change which takes place in our tissues involves the formation of chemical waste products which for the most part are poisonous. Whenever, for instance, unusual strain has been thrown upon the brain and the nervous system there is an unusual accumulation of their special kind of waste-poison in the nerve-cells, and we become conscious of "brain-fag." Meanwhile, however, our hearts, our lungs, and the great mass of our muscles have been comparatively inactive, and their fatigue-poisons have consequently been formed no faster than they could be burned or washed away by the blood. Now if we shut up our books, or pull down our desk-tops, and go for a brisk walk, or to attend to some out-door business appointments, not only are our brain-cells given a rest and an

opportunity to recharge themselves, but by increasing both the rate and the vigor of our heart-beats large supplies of blood are driven to and through the brain-cells, thus burning up and neutralizing the brain fatigue-poisons or washing them away at a more rapid rate.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that this process is also self-limited, though not quite so sharply so. The muscle-cells are now loading themselves with waste-poisons, which will soon be poured into the blood faster than they can be burned up, so that instead of pure, nourishing blood being sent to the exhausted brain, another poison is simply being added to its embarrassments. Practically, if the exercise be too violent for the enfeebled muscles of the brain-worker, or too long continued, or if by prolonged confinement in a badly ventilated room all the tissues of the body have become clogged by waste, produced faster than it could be eliminated, then muscular exercise will often simply pile fresh waste-poisons upon an already smoldering fire and increase one's exhaustion instead of relieving it. Many a fatigued and exhausted business man or overworked house-mother or teacher would be much more benefited by an hour's rest or sleep in a well-ventilated room—if possible in the open air—than by a brisk two-mile walk. The best possible short vacation is often to sleep late, take one's breakfast in bed, and loaf industriously all afternoon.

This self-poisoning and specific nature of fatigue explains, of course, why we so quickly become tired by doing exactly the same thing over and over and over again. The particular group of muscles, and the brain and nerve cells which direct their action, become swamped with their own fatigue-poison. No matter how perfect our circulation may be, or how deep and full our breathing, we cannot pump enough blood through the artery supplying the muscle and the nerve involved to wash out and burn

up these poisons as fast as they are formed. This is peculiarly true in children and accounts for what we frequently hear lamented by parents and teachers as their "restlessness" and "lack of persistence." In our best and most intelligently planned schools now, the study period for any one subject has been cut down in a most surprising manner, until the maximum for children under twelve years of age is in the neighborhood of fifteen minutes. This is precisely parallel with the method now adopted by trainers in the gymnasium for building up general vigor and a symmetrically developed set of muscles. Light dumb-bells and rapid movements have taken the place of heavy weights and slow "heaving" exercises. No one set of muscles is exercised for more than a few minutes, indeed often a few seconds, at a time, and every practice period must stop just short of a sensation of fatigue.

But, objects some one at once, a ten-minute recitation period and a three-minute dumb-bell exercise are not like work at all, they are merely play. Precisely, that is the chief virtue of them; for when we play we are imitating nature and following her great method of development. All exercise, to do us good, must be play.

But this is equivalent to making mere enjoyment, pleasure, one of our chief guides in conduct! That is precisely what it is intended for and should be used as such, within reasonable limits. Pleasure is nature's stamp of approval. Like any other instinct or impulse, it may, if followed too blindly, lead to dangerous and harmful extremes, but within reasonable limits it is a legitimate and safe guide. No better illustration of both its value and its limitations can be given than the case of muscular exercise. When we come out into the glorious sunlight of a brisk October morning in the mountains, fresh from our night's rest and the bath, every sort of movement and exercise is a delight and an exhilaration to us. We are eager to run, jump, climb, wrestle,

dance, even shout and sing for the sheer joy of living. But follow any one of these delightful impulses for half or three-quarters of an hour steadily at the top of our pitch, and it quickly becomes, first monotonous, then fatiguing, and finally positively painful. Pleasure, or the play instinct, has done its work and fulfilled its mission and now gives place to fatigue and the rest instinct. Both are wholesome and life-protecting in their proper time and place. Indeed, curiously enough even the pure abstract philosophers have come to the conclusion that pleasure is at the bottom merely the sensation connected with those notions which are done easily, without friction, and with a sense of reserve power behind them; while pain is the sensation accompanying those that are done with a sense of effort, of strain and drag and an overtaxing of the resources of the organism. Tasks which are easily within our strength are pleasant or at least tolerable; those beyond our strength are punishment.

So whatever we may hold in the field of morals, in the field of exercise and physical training it is safe to say that if an action gives us pleasure, and so long as it gives us pleasure, it does us good. When it begins to give us pain, to produce fatigue, in fact, it is usually doing us harm. Though in the world of work this sensation must often be disregarded for the sternest of reasons, yet in the world of play and of physical upbuilding its sway is absolute and its demands everywhere to be obeyed.

Now that we have grasped the underlying principles that control good exercise and helpful sport, their practical applications need not long detain us. First and most fundamentally, no exercise of any sort, whether bodily or mental, whether work or play, should be persisted in to an extreme or marked degree of fatigue. In the case of work this may be necessary, indeed is sadly inevitable at times, but it should be done only in

emergency, and not as a regular habit. The practice does not pay in the long run, either to employer or to employee. In the first place, it is the quality of the work rather than the quantity of it that counts. In the second, it is a fact as firmly established as the law of gravitation, that the shorter the hours of labor in a factory or industry the larger the output per workman. Men who are well rested, well fed, and clear headed will do more work in all ranks of life in eight hours than they will in ten, and in ten than in twelve. The secret of successful work, of real efficiency, is to keep oneself at the highest pitch of vigor and in the highest condition of efficiency during working hours, by intelligent rest and recreation between.

Every man, for instance, who is engaged in a sedentary indoor occupation ought to spend at least two hours a day in the open air in some light but enjoyable form of exercise—not merely as a concession to his laziness, as an act of self-indulgence of his lower nature, but as a means of increasing his efficiency during office-hours. If, however, one has worked and overstrained oneself until there is no play spirit left, then what is needed in the way of recreation—yes, of physical culture—is not exercise, but rest. Much as we may deplore our system of vicarious athletic exercise—taken by simply going and watching two hired teams pull off a match instead of playing the game ourselves—it may often happen that for the brain-weary and slack-muscle business or professional man or clerk, his tissues, saturated with nerve-poisons and the lung-poisons of foul indoor air, it is more wholesome to go out and sit for three hours in the open air in storm or in sunshine, upon a hard bench, with no exercise save for his lungs and his arms in the congenial occupation of "rooting," than it would be to tire himself out by a long country walk, by an hour's heavy work in a gymnasium, or even by exercise with an

axe or a back-saw, so often recommended by rural philosophers.

Let everyone begin with the form of exercise in the open air which is most agreeable and most attractive to him, and let him always stop short of real fatigue, at least the degree that is accompanied by any marked discomfort. A mild sensation of fatigue, especially toward bedtime or toward the end of the day, is largely agreeable than otherwise and is no sign that exercise has done any harm. It makes no difference how light and apparently trifling the exercise may be; so long as it keeps you pleasantly occupied out in the open air it is doing you good. It will, of course, usually be found that the appetite for exercise grows by what it feeds on, and that while you may begin with the lightest and laziest forms of outdoor sports, it will not be long before you begin insensibly to increase your range and your endurance.

But don't try to force the process. What you are after is not championship records, but health; not muscle-development, but heart-power and appetite; not specialization, but balance. Let your strength grow naturally, unconsciously, like everything else in nature, and in a few months you will be surprised at your own increase in vigor and endurance, not only in the open air but in the office as well. If the outdoor sport that you follow, the exercise that you take does not increase the clearness of your head, the keenness of your appetite, and your zest for your life-work, there is something wrong with it. Either there is not enough of it, or you are taking it too strenuously.

All sports and exercise, to be of real benefit, should be in the open air. This is obvious when we remember that its chief value to the sedentary man or woman is in burning up the old accumulated fatigue-poisons from nerves and lungs, as well as the new ones from muscular effort. Gymnasium work is at best only a substitute for real exercise, nature's kind, and a poor one at that, often little bet-

ter than a fraud. It is of surprising little practical value for real health-building, first, because it has to be carried on indoors, in an atmosphere loaded with the vapor of perspiration and overheated breaths and decayed teeth. Most city gymnasia smell to the nostrils of the mountaineer or the desert-trained like a livery-stable or a Turkish bath-house. Then the work is so utterly uninteresting and unattractive that it will usually be carried on only from a sense of duty and in violent sports for a few weeks at a stretch, which often do nearly as much harm as good. Again, exercise, to be really useful, must be of the nature of play in its attractiveness. The chief value of the gymnasium is in balancing up unsymmetrical muscular development in the young, under school or military discipline and skilled instructors (and even this can be done much better in the open air), and in enabling the athlete to get into that unnatural state of muscular hypertrophy known as "training." Even school gymnasia, while admirable in many respects, are a mere apology for abuses instead of a reform—an attempt to correct our present outrageous over-confinement indoors of school children by another kind of confinement mitigated by muscular exercise and music.

Let everyone play and exercise according to his or her age and humor, so long as it is done in the open air.

For the young, nothing better could be imagined than the hundred and one running, racing, catching, and fighting games already invented by the wise mother-wit of the race. Let them play everything that comes with bat, with ball, with racket, hoop, top, marble; then they will be provided with resources for every state of the weather. There are not fifteen days out of each year in our North American climate in which some outdoor sport cannot be played by those who have once got the open-air habit. For manhood and womanhood, the great battle-like team and "side" games, the rod and the rifle, the racket, the paddle, and the snowshoe. For the dominant decades after forty-five, golf, the fishing-rod, the farm, the garden, and the collecting craze. Golf is the ideal sport for sedentary men and women of any age, for it combines the maximum of interest with the minimum of effort.

Above all, in starting your play, go slowly at first. Be as shamelessly lazy as you like for the first two to five days of your vacation. Be sure to get all the nerve-poisons and lung-poisons and germ-laden dust of the city out of your lungs and system before you begin to take any real exercise. Time so "wasted" will often save you from coming back to town with the feeling that your vacation has not done you much good.

Our Journey Godward

The race as a whole, however it may seem to deny it, is journeying Godward; and every human being will sometime, somewhere, ultimately come into perfect harmony with his highest aspirations. His heart-hunger will be satisfied, his noblest longings will be realized.

The Creator will not be foiled in his plans for bringing every created being into ultimate harmony, into that blessedness which satisfies all yearnings, all high ambitions, all legitimate desires.

This is the God we worship, instead of the god of revenge, the god of punishment. Perfect love punishes nobody. Perfect love only loves.

Love always loves. There is no shadow of hate or revenge, no thought of punishment, no suggestion of pain or evil in it.—Success Magazine.

The Progress of the Dinner Hour

By G. CLARKE NUTTALL

From the Lady's Realm

"DINNER was served to their Majesties at nine o'clock," reported the daily papers respecting His Majesty's arrangements on His Majesty's last official birthday in the year of grace 1908. So we may take it that nine o'clock is the last word as to the time of fashionable dining at the present moment. What would Pope have said had he received a command to dine at Sandringham at nine that evening? We can almost hear his gasp of incredulous horror echoing down the centuries at the mere suggestion. How he grumbled because Lady Suffolk invited him to dine with her as late as four o'clock in the afternoon!

"Young people," he urged, "might become inured to such things, but as for himself, if she would adopt such unreasonable practices, he must absent himself from Marble Hill." This was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when a four o'clock dinner-hour was undoubtedly a dangerous innovation of late hours.

It is an extraordinary and curious fact that the dinner hour, from the earliest times of our English civilization, has tended, century by century, to always move in one direction, namely; to get pushed later and later in the day. There seems to be a common intuitive consensus of opinion that a late dinner hour is a sign of fashion and grandeur, so that

The gentleman who dines the latest
Is in our street esteemed the greatest,
and an unconscious acting upon this instinct has caused the curious movement.

But, unless we very literally turn night into day, it would appear that the extreme limit has at length been reached, and one wonders what can happen next, for we have practically now gone completely round the clock in choice of the hour.

In the early Norman days dinner was at nine in the morning, a custom maintained longer in France than in England, for it soon established itself here at ten in the noble houses and at Court, though the monasteries still kept to the earlier hour.

Lever a sing, diner a neuf,
Souper a sing, souder a neuf.
Fait vivre d'ass souante et neuf.
says an old rhyme of the period.

From Edward II.'s reign, which began early in the fourteenth century, up to the reign of Henry VIII. at the beginning of the sixteenth the Court dined at eleven. Matters were more conservative in those days, and fashions more stable, so that for these two hundred years there was no change. The great writer, Froissart, who was a contemporary of Richard II., and described manners from about 1330 to 1400, speaks of dinner as being at eleven, while among the rules laid down for the due governance of the household of the Princess Cecil—

the mother of Edward IV.—we find this one: "Upon eatynge days at dynner by 11 of the clocke, Upon fastynge days by 12 of the clocke." This lady was of a very pious nature, and saw wisely to the ways of her household. We are further told: "She used to arise at 7 of the clocke, and hath ready the chapelyne to say with her mattins of the day, and mattins of Our Lady, and when she is full readye she hath a lowe masse from thence to dynner, during the time whereof she hath a lecture of holy matter. After dynner giveth audience for one hour."

But though through these centuries the Court and fashionable folk dined at eleven, yet this hour was felt to be a trifle late for ordinary folk, so provincial people, in many cases, still kept the ancestral hour of ten. Even great houses in the more remote parts of the country did so; thus we read in the Northumberland Home Book that even up to 1512 dinner was still served at ten o'clock in the morning in the halls of the Percys.

When the gay and fashionably-minded Henry VIII. ascended the throne, the Court moved on the dinner hour to twelve, and many of the Court nobles followed suit in their own homes; thus we find Sir Thomas More, later in the reign, dining at twelve in his Chelsea home. The Universities, however, felt twelve to be a somewhat flighty innovation, and they kept up the practice of dining at eleven until at least 1570, when the prevailing pushing-on tendency seized them also. With the Universities we must link the Church, and even great dignitaries did their dining at eleven until much later in the century.

Twelve o'clock continued to be the dinner hour for a long time. Pepys, writing in his famous Diary about 1660, speaks of dinner at noon over and over again. "At noon find the Bishop of London come to dine

with us," he tells us in one place. "I put things in order against dinner. I out and bought some things, among others a dozen of silver salts, and at noon comes my company," in another. "At noon dined mightily nobly, ourselves alone," in a third. Whether he dined at the homes of his grander acquaintances, or in a tavern with some of his City friends, or at home quietly with his wife alone, he always seems to have dined at noon. But the Court had already begun to dine at a later hour, the alteration to one o'clock having arisen solemnly in Cromwell's Protectorate; and the Restoration, though it restored many things and customs, did not restore the old time of dining. In fact, throughout the whole course of this slow progress of the dinner hour, the Court appears to have been consistently about an hour in advance of that of the ordinary gentilefolk.

One o'clock lasted as the correct Court dinner hour for some sixty years or so, but by the time William and Mary had retired from this mortal scene, and Queen Anne ruled the destinies of England, it was not felt "modish" to dine so early, and two o'clock established itself. This was Addison's dinner hour, though in 1711 he makes his ultra-fashionable lady, Clarinda, describe herself as dining from three to four daily, after which she went out paying visits. At six o'clock she would go to the Opera when occasion served, and at eleven or twelve she went to bed. It was just a little later on in the century that Pope made his historic protest to Lady Suffolk on her invitation to dine at four. But three, passing on to four, was the characteristic dinner hour of the eighteenth century, a most inconvenient time to modern ways of thinking, involving, as it seems mostly to have done, setting out to visit, or pay calls, or even to trans-

act business directly the meal was over. When Dr. Johnson and Boswell ventured on their "curious expedition" to the Highlands, in 1773, we find that the great houses at which they visited had their dinner hour at three, and naturally, it would be earlier there than in the more quickly moving London. "We received a polite invitation to Stains Castle," recounts Boswell. "We arrived there at three o'clock, as the bell for dinner was ringing." Stains Castle was the seat of Lord Errol, Lord High Constable of Scotland, and Dr. Johnson on this occasion thought its position the finest he had ever seen. Its windows looked upon the main ocean and the King of Denmark was Lord Errol's nearest neighbor on the southeast. Again, when Johnson and Boswell had got a little further on their travels, they were invited to dine with Sir Eyre Coote at the Governor's House in Fort George, and here again, "At three the drum beat for dinner."

But down south the progress of the dinner-hour towards evening was being accelerated, for, by the end of the eighteenth century, five or even six was the hour fixed in fashionable circles. The four o'clock hour was not likely to hold its place long, as it is manifestly a bad division of time; the morning is far too long, the afternoon hopelessly spoilt. Hannah More, however, when acting, in 1779, as companion to her friend Mrs. Garrick, widow of the celebrated actor, speaks of that time being their accustomed hour of dining, and thus describes her life at Hampton. "After breakfast, I go to my own apartments for several hours, where I read, write, and work, very seldom letting anybody in, though I have a room for separate visitors, but I almost look on a morning visit as an immorality. At four we dine. We have the same elegant table, as

usual, but I generally confine myself to one simple dish of meat; at six we have coffee. At eight tea, when we have sometimes a dowager or two of quality. At ten we have salad and fruits." A few years later Hannah More took to much more fashionable ways, for on one occasion we find her saying, "We dine at six," and going on to describe a new "folly" of the winter of 1800, which consisted of having a substantial meal of muffins, bread and butter, with tea or coffee to follow at 8 o'clock.

In Wellington's day dinner was usually served at six in the world of society, but such folk as City merchants and the well-to-do people generally, who were not "in society," kept up the practice of dining at five o'clock until well into the nineteenth century. In "Vanity Fair," that inimitable picture of middle-class life when the last century was in its teens, we have a graphic portrayal of the home life of a rich City merchant and of dinner in particular. "When the chronometer, which was surmounted by a cheerful brass group of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, tolled five in a heavy cathedral tone, Osborne pulled the bell at his right-hand violently and the butler rushed up.

"Dinner!" roared Mr. Osborne."

And the obedient bell in the lower regions began ringing the announcement of the meal.

Five o'clock, too, was the dinner hour of the French Court about this time—French hours always seem to have been a little earlier than English. When the Bourbons, in the person of Louis XVIII., returned to power in 1814, "The King in general," we are told, "took his daily excursions from one to five, and on his return dinner was served."

It is in the memory of many now alive how the dinner hour has progressed during the last sixty years. Six o'clock gave place to six-thirty

by the middle of last century; seven soon followed as the approved hour but has long been superseded by all people with any pretensions to being "fashionable," and who "dine" at all. (Apparently only a meal taken towards evening can now be truly called "dinner," though few would follow De Quincey in his argument that, "Of the rabid animal who is caught dining at noonday and who affronts the meridian sun by his inhuman meals, we are entitled to say he has a maw but nothing resembling a stomach.") Among the "diners," then, probably half-past seven is the most generally accepted time with ordinary folk. Eight o'clock spells a degree higher in the fashionable scale. Eight-thirty is a still further advance socially, while nine, as we began by stating, is the last word in the matter.

It is interesting at this point to inquire, "what is the ideal dinner hour?" Of course, that largely depends on the ordering and customs of the day, but the hygienist usually asserts that six is the best hour for the principal and heaviest meal of the day. This is, however, really too early to be convenient for most people, and half-past six or a quarter to seven would more nearly combine the ideal and the practical. Seven o'clock is as late probably as any one who is a worker ought to think of dining, if he would follow the dictates of common sense and his internal economy.

But the question still remains unanswered: "What will Society do next with its dining hour, or has it at last come to a blank wall in the dinner-hour procession?"



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE MURRAY

The Waste of Life in College

By ISAAC THOMAS

From Education

ALL along the line in our educational system, from the primary grades to the university, there is an immense waste of human life, a discouraging defeat of human endeavor, a dreadful dropping out by the way. In the lower grades this dropping out is scarcely heeded, for the victims are so little and so many; but in the high school and the college the loss becomes noticeable, attracts attention, because of its increased ratio to the survivors, to the undefeated remnant.

The losses from the high school, especially in the first year of the course, were thought by the Secondary Department of the National Educational Association to be of sufficient importance to form the principal subject for discussion at a recent session of the Association. Various ways of preventing or remedying those losses were suggested, but, running through all of them was the thought that they would never be permanently nor effectively stopped except by such measures as would permanently and effectively increase the efficiency of the teachers, i.e., that in some way, before a better and more humane condition of things in the high school in regard to the waste in human life that goes on there could be hoped for, the teachers must have a new and better conception of the value of the individual lives under their care; must have better opportunities and conditions secured to them for realizing that conception; and must have the demands made upon them in the various preparations of their pupils

(1) modified in kind so as to bring their work more nearly in touch with real life. (2) lessened in quantity that they may be better within the capacity of the pupil, the principal element in the problem, and (3) raised in quality, in order that doing things well may not become one of the lost arts in the high school.

With the high school problem I am not now concerned. It is not likely to be allowed to rest, and if it suffers at all will probably suffer from a surfeit of attention rather than otherwise. The college is beginning to feel that it, too, has a problem in the waste of life that comes to it, in the dropping out by the way of so many of its students. This feeling has manifested itself, within the past three or four years, in various ways, cropping out in public addresses and reports by men connected with college work, and sometimes openly declared, as in the annual report a year ago, of the president of one of our larger New England colleges, where he said: "The college is losing too many men, particularly from its freshman classes," and no doubt the preceptorial experiment at Princeton owes something to the same feeling.

It is interesting to note the change of feeling that has come about in the college, in respect to this thing, within the past twenty-five years. Any one of us, of that time, can easily remember that to drop out from a third to two-fifths of the freshman class was considered an evidence of a high standard of requirement maintained by the college. Now some effort, at

least, is made to retain as many men as possible by bringing them to see, not only that anything worth doing is worth doing well, but also that it is worth while for one to put his best effort into those things that go to make up a college course. How to maintain the standard was the important question then; now it is how to bring men up to the standard, or better still, how to bring men in college to their best. This change of feeling in the college is particularly interesting to those of us who are, at the same time, school men and ardent college men. Interesting, too, it is to see how tenaciously there clings to the colleges a certain haunting fear lest the new way of looking at things should lower the standard of scholarship, a remnant of the worn-out tradition that men were made for colleges and not colleges for men. I believe the fear to be entirely unwarranted, because I believe that a standard of scholarship consists not in making the work so difficult or so utterly dependent upon self-initiative that only a few can succeed in doing it well and the many slip along with it half done, but in building up and establishing a tradition of accuracy and exactness in everything done, no matter how small in amount, and in bringing men to see, even imperfectly, that anything less than their best is not worthy of themselves nor of the college they represent.

This awakening in the colleges, this new way of looking at things, is not only interesting to school men who have been working for some time at the same sort of problem, but gratifying and encouraging as well; and, very likely, the same means the secondary schools are using in the solution of their problem the colleges will find useful, even necessary, in theirs, adapting them, of course, to their more advanced grade of students. The means the schools are using are: (1) a more careful study of the needs of the pupils and a better adaptation of the teaching to those needs, particularly when the pu-

pils first come up from the grades; (2) directing this better kind of teaching toward an effort to connect the school work more and more closely with life; (3) a greater regard for the well-being and improvement of the individual; and (4) a growing determination to sacrifice quantity of work to quality. Of these I should suggest (1), (3) and (4) as applicable to the solution of the college problem.

How many living graduates, ancient or recent, can recall any serious attempt on the part of their beloved instructors to adapt their instruction to his new needs or to reach, even a little, into those needs. How many of us recall much instruction given to us at all? And within the past few years I have heard professors in college say, not once nor twice, that it wasn't their business to give instruction to their students, nor explanation even, except when asked for. These men claim that a student in college who cannot work his way out and on alone ought not to have a college education, the purpose of which is fulfilled by bringing, not the many, but the few, to their best. Yet these are the men who most wonder why so many of their students fail to keep up their work in college and ceaselessly deplore the ill preparation given by the schools. One feels like reminding such of Stevenson's prayer* on seeing one's own faults and suggesting that they give themselves a refreshing surprise, occasionally, by turning the light inward.

To such men, and there are too many of them, there needs to come not only a searching of the heart, but a new vision of the value of individual human life and a clearer realization of the fact that waste in it consists not only in the opportunities which men lose by dropping out of college, but much more in the failure to use opportunities to their full, to appreciate them at their best. They need also to realize both that the blame for this failure lies largely upon them and that they, themselves,

are missing a great opportunity with their students.

Two of us, classmates, graduates of twenty-five years' standing, happened to meet one day last summer, and the talk falling upon the instructors we had in college the question as to which of them influenced us most profoundly was answered almost instantly by both, without comparison or hesitation, each naming the same professor. After the question, "Who?" had been answered, the questions, "Why?" and "Why not?" were discussed, and judgments upon them compared. Curiously enough these almost exactly coincided and, stripped down to the fundamentals, were to the effect that some professors influenced us profoundly, impressed themselves upon us, chiefly because there lay in them, at the core of their being, the profound conviction that the life of each of us was seriously worth while. And this conviction gave to all their thinking and speech for us and to us great care in preparation and force and weight in delivery. And as we looked back over the quarter of a century's battle of life they stood forth as the men to whom it was always safe to anchor.

But if life is seriously worth while for the individual then the quality of his work, that which alone makes it valuable, must also be seriously worth

while. All agree upon this, doubtless, but quite surely do not agree upon what we mean by quality. As I have used it in this article I mean by quality (1) not some arbitrary standard of excellence set up by others which only the most gifted can hope to reach, nor a standard for the average man that the more gifted can easily surpass. For the first is a total discouragement to all endeavor, except by the few, and the second cuts off all but the average man from performing his best; the first takes the heart out of honest and faithful purpose, the second prohibits the best men from their best endeavor; both are unchristian. By quality of work I mean (2) the very best that one can do at a given time, under the stimulus of the thought that to do less than one's best is to do unworthily, and that the best to-day not only does, but must, lead to the better of to-morrow, and on unceasingly until each reaches his limit of further improvement. It is a spirit of excellence, according to every man's several ability, and not an attainment to be reached.

The remedy for the waste of life in colleges must come from the colleges themselves, from a vital reform of methods of instruction, and, most of all, from a new conception of the value of human life.

Squandering Ability

Doing the lower when the higher is possible constitutes one of the greatest tragedies of human life.

The squandering of money seems a wicked thing when we think of the good that might be done with it; but what about the wicked waste of ability, the deliberate throwing away of fifty, seventy-five, perhaps ninety per cent. of one's success possibility just because he never trained himself to use it, to grasp it with such vigor and power that he can fling his life into his career with its maximum effectiveness?

Most people take hold of life with the tips of their fingers. They never get hold of the life proposition with that grip and tenacity of purpose and vigor of determination which does things worth while. They just hang on the outskirts of things, playing upon the surface of their possibilities without ever getting down into the marrow of their being where efficiency and power dwell.—Success Magazine.



By R. P. CHESTER



VICAR GENERAL J. J. MCCANN

The Toronto priest who has been raised to the dignity of a Domestic Prelate by Pope Pius X.

The latest Canadian to be honored by the bestowal of a title by His Holiness Pope Pius X. is Rev. Father J. J. McCann, rector of St. Mary's church, Toronto. Father McCann is also vicar-general of Toronto arch-diocese, the present bishop being the third who has appointed him as his administrator. One of the first acts of Archbishop McEvay after being raised to the

see of Toronto was to postulate for Father McCann the title of a prelate. Through the medium of the rector of the Canadian College at Rome, the Pope cheerfully acceded to the wish. While it is not necessary that a priest who is raised to the rank of a domestic prelate should go to Rome for the ceremony, yet as a mark of honor the title was bestowed on Father McCann by the Pope himself, during a recent visit to Rome. The event took place on March 25. Mgr. Kennedy, rector of the American College at Rome introducing the recipient. Hereafter the vicar general will be styled Monsignor McCann; he will as well have the right to wear the prelate's color, purple; and will also be entitled to sit in the highest ecclesiastical assemblies. Mgr. McCann has many friends all over North America. He has been in the priesthood 42 years; and in Toronto arch-diocese has filled many important places. Besides being vicar-general of the arch-diocese, Mgr. McCann is Chairman of the Toronto Separate School Board.

The present strenuous political situation in the island of Newfoundland which will necessitate a new election to break the deadlock, has as its two most interesting figures Sir Robert



SIR ROBERT BOND

Late Premier of Newfoundland

Bond, who was premier at the time of the election last November, and Sid Edward P. Morris, the present premier, each of whom has seventeen supporters in the house. The former is the son of a Devonshire man, formerly a prominent merchant of the colony. Born at Portugal Cove in 1857, he was educated in England, eventually taking up the study of law. In 1884, he entered the political arena in Newfoundland, under the leadership of Sir William Whiteway, being returned to the Legislature for the District of Fortune Bay. Under the Whiteway Government he held the post of Colonial Secretary for eight years. Then came the defeat of the Government and the brief tenure of power by Sir James Winter. Owing to dissensions in Sir James' ranks, the Governor called on Sir Robert Bond to form a government and the subsequent election gave him a majority of 28. Sir Robert received his knighthood on the occasion of the visit to the Island of H.R.H. the Duke of York, now Prince of Wales, in 1901. He is an enthusiastic model farmer and owns one of the prettiest

farms on the Island, situated at Whitbourne, about 55 miles from St. John's.

Sir Edward P. Morris, D.C.L., Kt., was born at St. John's, in 1859. After being educated at St. Bonaventure's College he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1884. That same year he entered politics, contesting the district of St. John's West on behalf of the Liberal Government, then led by Sir William Whiteway. He has been the representative for St. John's West in the House of Assembly ever since. He was knighted November 19, 1904, in consideration of the arduous work he had done for the colony as Minister of Justice in connection with the settlement of the French Shore question. In 1907 he resigned from the Bond administration, giving as his reason for so doing, Sir Robert Bond's refusal to grant an increase of 25 cents per day to laborers road-building in his constituency. In 1908, at the request of several prominent Opposition members, he accepted the leadership of the party and on the resignation of



SIR EDWARD P. MORRIS

Present Premier of Newfoundland

Sir Robert Bond a few weeks ago, he was called by Governor Sir William McGregor to form a government.

One of the important events of the past month was the suffragette demonstration at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, on March 24, when a petition, said to contain 100,000 names of Canadians favoring the granting to women of the right to vote on the same terms as men, was presented to Premier Whitney by a delegation numbering nearly 1,000, mostly women. At the head of the deputation was Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen, president of the Canadian Suffrage Association, and the first Canadian woman to take a medical degree from a Canadian university. Back about 1867 Dr. Emily Stowe, a Canadian woman, took her medical degree in a New York university and began practising in Toronto. Sixteen years later, in 1883, her daughter, Augusta Stowe, completed her schooling and made application for enrollment in Toronto University as a student, only to be refused by the Senate of that institution because of her sex. Trinity College, however, accepted her as a student in medicine, and for four years she suffered all the indignities and horseplay that a body of male medical students could impose upon one whom they considered as an intruder. Memories of those years must have crowded themselves into Dr. Stowe Gullen's mind when she stepped forward to address Sir James Whitney and present the suffrage petition. "Taxation without representation," she said after a few words of introduction "is tyranny. I never like to use the word tyranny, but I learned it from—gentlemen. The home is not only woman's sphere but man's also and because he has been neglecting it, we women feel the need of the ballot. It has been stated that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the

world but the baby does not always stay in the cradle; it goes into the office and the factory. Labor needs humanizing for the women as well



DR. AUGUSTA STOWE GULLEN

President of the Canadian Suffrage Association

as for the men," said the doctor in concluding her argument. A dozen speakers supported Dr. Stowe Gullen and Sir James Whitney in his reply stated that it was too late



F. W. FITZPATRICK

Who is making a strenuous fight against the "Red Plague"

in the session to introduce legislation dealing with such a momentous question and he asked the ladies to "call again" another year.

"The National Firefighter" is what they call F. W. Fitzpatrick in the United States, and well does he deserve the name, for he has practically devoted many years to the cause of fire prevention. By speech, writing and example he has persistently led a campaign which has for its object a lessening of the ravages of the "red plague." Not the least noteworthy thing about Mr. Fitzpatrick, is that he was born and lived for a good many years in Canada. He is a native of Montreal, the son of an old and distinguished Irish-French family. He studied architecture and engineering there and abroad and at the age of 21 was in

charge of important work for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Then he went to Minnesota and the Middle West for a number of years, doing some of the biggest and most important work in that country in the boom time. During the panic of '93 he was offered and accepted the office of assistant architect in the Federal Government service. Removing to Washington, he inaugurated many reforms in government construction and designed and carried out its most important work. In 1904 he resigned from the service and went into exclusive consultation practice and his advice is sought by architects and owners of buildings all over the United States and Mexico and Canada and even Australia. Twenty years ago he inaugurated the movement towards fire-prevention in cities and has worked steadily at it and at great odds. Like all reformers his early efforts were depreciated and received scant attention, but by persistence and inspired with the highest motives of benefiting his fellows, he has succeeded in awaking a most general interest and making the movement very popular. A few years ago he organized the International Society of Building Commissioners. At first but this-



MR. SELFRIDGE

Proprietor of Selfridge's store, who is introducing American methods into old London

teen cities were represented, four of which, by the way, were Canadian cities. To-day virtually every important city in the world is represented in the society. Mr. Fitzpatrick is its executive officer and City Architect McCallum, of Toronto, is one of its vice-presidents. An illustration of the effectiveness of the society's work is shown in just one detail. It has revamped and revised the building ordinances of 120 cities within the past year. Mr. Fitzpatrick is a man of wonderful energy, and there seems to be no limit to his activities. The "City Beautiful," is another of his hobbies. He has gotten very many cities into the notion of cleaning up and systematizing their improvements. It was largely through his efforts that a group plan was established in Washington. He is acknowledged to be the foremost authority in the world on fireproof construction, is a designer of high ability, has few superiors as a water color artist, writes most entertainingly on matters of art, economics and philosophy, and even occasionally wanders off as a pastime into fiction.

Lieutenant Shackleton, who returned recently from a remarkably successful expedition to the Antarctic regions may be hailed as a new Columbus. It is true he did not reach the South Pole, having gotten off at a side station one hundred and eleven miles north of it. But he did what was perhaps even more important, as a writer in Success Magazine points out—he discovered a new continent. Of course, it has long been suspected that there was a continent in the Antarctic regions. The geographers have always represented it as a very thin rim of land surrounding a vast area of white paper. Whether the white paper stood for land or water we were free to judge for ourselves; there were no mountains or rivers or towns or



LIEUT. ERNEST H. SHACKLETON

Who has set up a new record in South Polar Exploration

railroads to obstruct the view. Now, however thanks to this British Navy officer with the inquiring turn of mind, all will be changed. The schoolboy of the future will have to draw maps of a seventh continent properly equipped with boundaries and mountain ranges. Because of Lieutenant Shackleton's expedition the white part of the map of the world has become decidedly smaller. The latest Antarctic expedition has really been a great contribution to science. Shackleton and his party discovered eight mountain ranges and surveyed one hundred mountains. They ascended a volcano 13,120 feet high. They brought back with them a remarkable geological collection and valuable notes and photographs. And they stood almost as close to the south pole as New York is to Philadelphia. It is a happy augury that a naval officer led this expedition. The time may come when expeditions which add to the world's knowledge will become as legitimate a government task as the making of war.

M. J. O'Brien, millionaire, resident of the enterprising town of Renfrew, Ontario, who recently built a magnificent theatre to foster the cultivation of art, literature and music among fellow citizens with whom he has mingled for the last quarter of a century, has had a somewhat spectacular career. A Nova Scotian by birth, he obtained his first job with pick and shovel on the Intercolonial Railway. He owes much of his success in life, not only to natural shrewdness and strong will-power, but to a genial personality, which always gave him a hold on his comrades, and later on the men under him, until he has become one of the foremost railway contractors in Canada. To-day, in company with others, he has an interest in \$15,000,000 worth of contracts on the Transcontinental Railway, 371 miles of it in Quebec. He was one of the first commissioners for the building of Ontario's provincial railway—the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario line. He soon was thoroughly acquainted with the possibilities and rich resources of the unrivalled Cobalt district. Mr. O'Brien has always been open for a speculation and, one day when a Toronto



SIR JOSEPH WARD

Who, as Premier of New Zealand, has offered two Dreadnoughts to Great Britain

lawyer, Mr. J. B. O'Brien, approached and offered him an investment in the now famous O'Brien mine, he was not long in accepting, becoming four-fifths owner of the property. He is largely interested in other mining propositions in the Cobalt Lake district, Goo Ganda, Sudbury, Nova Scotia, Renfrew and Hastings county, and the Gatinéau Valley. Down in Mexico he has copper mines which he believes are greater wealth producers than any property that he owns. He is also identified extensively with lumbering and manufacturing industries. But Mr. O'Brien's prosperity has its drawbacks and neighbors seem bound to give him a fair share of them. Knowing his helpful disposition, hosts are anxious to get his ear with all sorts of projects—loans for this, subscriptions for that, chances for a great business development in something else—until he is practically forced to be an exile from Renfrew, for the sidewalk to his modest home door is like a parade ground—the doorbell is ringing, the telephone is resounding, and even his meals are inter-

rupted. If he would but listen, he could make so many others rich with this scheme or the other, and could increase his own wealth so greatly also! If he is to enjoy the comfort of his own fireside, he will, like the kings of old, have to appoint an Almoner to listen to all tales of need, and a Buffer to ward off the attentions of the men who have schemes.

"An object lesson to the world" was the way in which the Premier of New Zealand characterized the offer of two warships recently made by the people of that colony to the British Government. To the people of the mother land this offer must have come as a pleasant counter-irritant to the prospect of German activity. Sir Joseph George Ward, K.C.M.G., the leader of New Zealand's Government, is the successor of Sir Richard Seddon, whose death occurred in 1906. He was born in 1857, and was for many years a member of the Seddon administration, holding the offices of Postmaster-General, Colonial Secretary and Minister of Railways at various times. He was created a K.C.M.G. in 1901 on the occasion of the visit to New Zealand of the Duke and Duchess of York.

The ability of Germany to produce Dreadnoughts is evidenced by the extent of equipment of the great Germania shipbuilding yard at Kiel which is a wing of the great Krupp business. The large building slips are the most important features of the establishment. Of these ten are planned but only seven have so far been built. Their length is from 377 ft. to 630 ft. with a breadth of from 85 ft. 4 in. to 98 ft. 6 in. The three others will be still larger, one being intended to have a length of 836 ft. These slips are built of concrete with granite walls, and are closed by pontoons. Four of them are completely covered with glass roofs and sides so that the work can go on in advantageous conditions, whatever may be the state of wind or weather. They are lofty with sufficient head room, and are provided with the latest appliances. Each has two overhead travelling cranes worked by electric motors capable of lifting six tons. They can thus convey heavy fittings to any part of the ships in hand. The covered slips enable the period in which ships remain in hand to be shortened, and there is material advantage in vessels being constructed under cover from the weather.



M. J. O'BRIEN

Prominent as a railway contractor, mine operator and manufacturer



THE SLIPS AT THE GERMANIA YARD, KIEL.

High Life at Low Rates

By E. L. BACON
From the Scrap Book

IN THESE peculiar days a clerk on a salary of thirty dollars a week may live in a palace much more splendid than most of the royal residences of Europe. He may have at hand all the luxuries and all the conveniences that twentieth century ingenuity has been able to devise, and have a thousand servants at his beck and call. There is no king in the world with quite so many household servants as that. And in the evening, when he has come from his desk in his employer's office, or perhaps from the counter of a store, or from whatever it may be that his humble job holds him, he may stroll through the marble corridors of his home, admire the works of old masters on the walls, smoke his cigar on a silken divan under a spreading palm, wander about through parlors whose furnishings cost one hundred times as much as his yearly income, and rub elbows with fifty millionaires before bedtime.

This is no mere fancy. The thirty-dollar-a-week clerk not only may do all this; he does do it. His luxurious home is one of the great first-class hotels of New York, and it would be hard to find a place that is more luxurious anywhere in this world.

You are under a sad misapprehension, my glibble friend from the country, if you have the impression that all these gorgeous caravansaries that dazzle your eyes are the homes of only the rich. Fifty per cent. of the permanent patrons when you see strolling about with the bored ex-

pression of the indolent plutocrat may be scraping together their last pennies to buy clothes with. Drop a silver dollar and you would see a hundred pairs of eager and covetous eyes watching its twisting course along the marble floor. Everywhere in the glittering dining-room, in the tapestried parlors, in the marble halls and lobbies, is poverty masquerading as wealth and straining every nerve to carry out the deception.

There are all kinds of paradoxical situations in the great New York hotel. In one of the newest and grandest of these palaces, for example, there are any number of small-salaried bachelors living there in two-dollar-and-a-half-a-day rooms on the same floor, and often only next door, to men worth millions. You may wonder how a thirty-dollar clerk manages to spend even that much for his room, for two dollars and a half a day is seventeen dollars and a half a week and the remaining twelve dollars and a half wouldn't go very far in the hotel restaurants.

The explanation is simple enough: he dines at some little place on Sixth Avenue, where twenty-five cents will buy a square meal and where a meal-ticket will save him ten per cent. and insure him against starvation until pay-day.

He then goes back to his room in a hotel where the marble decorations alone cost more than a million dollars, the furnishings two millions, and the silverware two hundred and fifty-five thousand. In the kitchens are

eighty-four cooks, in the dining-rooms five hundred waiters, and there are five hundred other employees in the building.

Yet the thirty-dollar clerk is not the only patron who goes to Sixth Avenue for his meals. Up to a few months ago there lived at one of the fashionable upper Fifth Avenue hotels a man who paid five thousand dollars a year for his rooms, and who went around the block to a dairy lunch three times a day. On the few occasions when he did dine at his hotel he criticized the food so severely that the waiters were glad he came so seldom, particularly as he never gave a tip. He is dead now. The man at the dairy lunch says he died of too much luxury at the hotel; the hotel manager says he died of privation at the dairy lunch.

In all the fairy-land of New York there is nothing quite so wonderful as these modern hotels. The Plaza is not only the largest hotel in the city, but it is the newest of the great ones and it is as luxurious as any. Probably more very rich people are to be seen there than in any other hotel in the world. It is in the heart of the wealthiest residential section of the city, looking out on Fifth Avenue from one side and on Central Park from another, and many of the society people who live in the neighborhood drop in there for afternoon tea. Any afternoon the poor patrons from the two-dollar-and-a-half rooms may see in the parlors and dining-rooms dozens of men and women whose names are known throughout the country because of the millions they own. Probably, too, among the nine hundred patrons who sleep under its roof there are fifty millionaires. Of course it is a shifting population. Sometimes there might be a hundred millionaires spending the night there. At any rate, there are at least twenty among the permanent residents.

Some men spend twenty thousand dollars a year at the Plaza. One or two even more. There is one suite

of rooms that costs much more than that. And, by the way, that suite is worth describing. It is the state suite, which would be set apart for a king in case such a potentate ever came to the Plaza. Nowadays it is occupied by all kinds of people, some who don't have to worry a moment over the price of it; others who must live economically for many moons to fill up the hole it has made in their bank account.

You don't have to eat in the public dining-rooms when you live in the state suite. You have a private dining-room all to yourself. This dining-room has gold Circassian walnut trimmings, green satin tapestries on the walls and green velvet upholstery on the chairs. On the floor is a green Persian rug that cost a few thousand dollars. Set into the wall is a closet filled with glassware that cost two thousand dollars. In this two-thousand-dollar collection are dozens of varieties of wine and cordial glasses. In the mantel over the fireplace there are twenty-two different colorings in the Italian marble, and around the walls are oil paintings and frescoes worth more than the furnishings. The windows look out over Central Park, and dining there you might fancy yourself in some palace in the country, for you are up so high and the walls are so thick that you hear not a sound but the muffled steps of the two liveried waiters, and the click of the electric dummy that carries the dishes back and forth from the kitchens.

The parlor has a different color scheme. The carpets are gray and pink, the walls in light gray flock. Solid Italian marble columns run up to the ceiling, and there is a gilded grand piano.

Then there are two bedrooms. In one the bed is about the most magnificent piece of furniture in the entire hotel. It is a large double bed of gold Circassian walnut, with elaborate inlaid work, and over it hang light brown curtains of heavy silk. In the other room are two single beds.

And, of course, there is a bathroom of them, for that matter, each with a tub big enough for a hippopotamus. When, as sometimes happens, there is only one person occupying the state suite, he may take a hot bath in one tub and a cold bath in the other, besides various kinds of shower-baths.

A young honeymooning couple came from a small town in the west recently, to see the sights of New York. The young man was a bank clerk. He and his bride lived like royalty in the state suite for just twenty-four hours. Then they went back to the west to live on his salary.

In any one of half a dozen New York hotels you may find a state suite almost if not quite as sumptuous as this. In the state suite at the St. Regis there is one bed that cost ten thousand dollars.

In the borough of Manhattan alone there are one hundred and forty large first-class hotels and more than three hundred of the smaller ones. At the present rate of construction there will be in Manhattan within the next twenty years four hundred hotels with at least four hundred rooms each.

New York cares for three times as many persons in its hotels as London, six times as many as Paris, and ten times as many as any other city. Yet London is larger than New York. But consider the enormous floating population of the American metropolis. There are never less than seventy-five thousand visitors in the city in a day, and sometimes the number runs up to almost two hundred thousand. Then the New Yorkers themselves spend more money in their hotels than the Londoners. Every year thousands of families here give up the cares of housekeeping for hotel life.

Not one of the modern great first-class hotels of the city cost less than four million dollars to build, with from one to two million dollars added for the furniture, paintings and decorations. And the running expenses of such a place are enormous. The Wal-

dorf-Astoria must take in ten thousand dollars a day before there is a dollar of profit. Consider all the employees in that hotel, seldom less than fifteen hundred, sometimes more—clerks, chiefs, meat-cooks, pastry-cooks, soap-cooks, bakery men, watchmen, detectives, engineers, plumbers, electricians, carpenters, laundrymen, doormen, porters, waiters, butlers, stewards, decorators, messengers, telephone operators, scrubwomen, waiting maids, chambermaids, bartenders, wine and cigar experts, and workers in a dozen other lines. There are never less than one hundred and twenty cooks.

The food bills alone amount to more than a million dollars a year, to say nothing of what it costs for wine and cigars. It costs one hundred thousand dollars a year to replace the broken china and glassware.

The St. Regis, which is not the largest hotel in the city, although one of the most luxurious, spends in the course of a year for meat, two hundred thousand dollars; for poultry, one hundred and thirteen thousand dollars; vegetables, eighty thousand dollars; fruit, forty-two thousand dollars; butter, fifty-seven thousand dollars; eggs, twelve thousand dollars.

In the four largest hotels of the city the wines in stock cost a million and a half dollars, and one hotel has a staff of wine experts who spend all their time in Europe hunting up rare old vintages.

Still, when one considers what some of the patrons spend, it is not hard to realize where the profit comes in. While it is true that there are many men who spend only two dollars and a half a day for their rooms and not a penny in the dining-rooms, there are suites of rooms that bring one hundred dollars a day, and sometimes there is a patron who will spend fifty dollars a day for meals for himself and family. A man might almost spend that much on himself.

A man from Seattle came into one of these hotels recently and spent twenty dollars for lunch for himself.

One of the dishes he ordered was a "Partridge Napoleon," which cost seven dollars. It consists of four birds roasted on a bed of grapes, sliced apples and pineapples. The fruit is not served; it is used merely to give flavor to the birds.

The American plan is a thing of the past in all the large first-class hotels. There is not one of them where you don't have to pay for every dish you order, and living on the European plan at American prices is always expensive.

The great hotels are always devising new schemes for adding to the comfort of their patrons. At the Astor even the air you breathe is washed and dried by an elaborate system of air-circuits which remove all the dust and smoke and disease-laden matter. At the Belmont are automatic ventilators by which a certain temperature is maintained in a room by a thermometer control of the heating apparatus.

All the large first-class hotels have a pantry and pantrymen and waiters on every bedroom floor. A patron's order is served in his room as quickly as it would be in the dining-rooms. Tiny electric elevators carry the orders up from bar-rooms and kitchens at a speed of seven hundred and fifty feet a minute.

These elevators are regulated by a manipulator in the kitchen. At the bottom of the shaft is a round dial. If the order is to be sent to the tenth floor the cook turns the hand of the dial to the figure ten and at once the doors on all the floors but the tenth are closed and the car can stop only at its destination.

On its arrival the pantryman removes the order, passes it to a waiter who is standing in readiness, and it is rushed to the patron's room in less than a minute after it has left the hands of the cook.

Some of the hotels use the telerograph, an apparatus that communicates a message instantly in the sender's handwriting. If a man comes to call on a friend in Room 200, the

clerk writes that number and the caller's name on the telerograph, which rests on the desk before him. Instantly the message is reproduced in his own handwriting before the telephone operator in another part of the building, and she makes her telephone communication with Room 200. If the man in the room wants his caller to come up she writes "Come up" on her telerograph and the words are immediately reproduced before the eyes of the far-away clerk. Then the caller is sent up, escorted by a hall-boy.

The entire transaction has taken only a few seconds. Under the old system it would have taken perhaps twenty times as long. The telerograph is useful not only as a time-saver, but as a recording machine. If the man in Room 200 wants to find out a month later just what day, what hour, and what minute his friend called on him, there is a record of it in the office.

If you have the money to pay for it, there is nothing you cannot have in an up-to-date New York hotel—except a dog. Dogs are barred almost everywhere. They have to stay below stairs in the rooms assigned for them, often in spite of women's tears and pleadings.

One might think that a pipe organ in a patron's room might be beyond the possibilities of hotel life, but it isn't. A few weeks ago Louis C. Kranthoff, who used to be Attorney-General of Missouri, came to live at the Plaza, and concluded that a pipe organ was the only luxury that he missed. He went to see the manager about it. The manager thought the matter over and decided that he would allow Mr. Kranthoff to have an organ built into the parlor of his room if he should care to pay for the necessary alterations. The walls of the room had to be practically rebuilt so that the strains of the instrument would not be audible in any other part of the building. A pipe organ makes a good deal of noise, but Mr.

Krauthoff's cannot be heard by even his next-door neighbor.

The latest innovation in one of the new hotels is a staff of linguists, who are supposed to know almost every language spoken in the world. The linguists meet foreign arrivals at the piers, look after their baggage, and escort them to the hotel. If a patron knows only Russian or Chinese he may transact all his business through one of the linguists, who will be at his side at meal times to tell him what is on the bill of fare.

Almost any notion that comes into a patron's head can be gratified without his taking the trouble to leave his room. If he and a fair neighbor across the hall should suddenly make up their minds to be married on the spot, he could ring the telephone on his wall and tell the clerk to send up the hotel minister. If he should fall sick there is a hotel physician in readiness. If he should care to take a flier in Wall Street there is the hotel broker. If he wants to go to the theatre there is a theatre-office downstairs, and he can get any tickets he wants by telephoning to it. If he wants to make his will there is the hotel lawyer, and if he has a toothache there is the hotel dentist. There are also typewriters, manicures, chiropodists, valets, maids, and trunk-pickers always on hand.

At the Knickerbocker fifty pages, a dress-suit department for patrons. One day a man who had come to the hotel from another town with very little baggage, was invited out to dinner. He telephoned that he couldn't go because he didn't have his dress-suit with him.

"Hold on a minute," interrupted the manager, who happened to be within earshot. "I can fix you out. We've got forty-eight dress-suits for our patrons."

He took the man to the evening clothes department, picked him out a suit that fitted to perfection, then rigged him out with a shirt, studs, collar, tie, patent leather shoes, and silk hat, all without charge.

It would be hard to estimate how many people all the hotels of the city can accommodate, but any one of half a dozen of the largest can take care of fifteen hundred guests a night at a pinch. Almost three thousand have been dined simultaneously in the restaurants and banquet halls of the Belmont, and at the Astor nine hundred and twenty banqueters have been entertained in one room.

It is on New Year's eve that the hotels of New York present their most dazzling aspect. At the Waldorf, last New Year's eve, a bugler was stationed at the door of each of the nine supper-rooms that were in use to announce the hours. One minute before twelve o'clock each bugler sounded taps, and as the midnight hour was tolled each bugler changed from taps to reveille. Then the members of all the seven orchestras rose and played "The Star-Spangled Banner," while the guests sang the words.

At the Knickerbocker fifty pages, each dressed as Father Knickerbocker, separated into squads just before midnight and marched to the various dining-rooms. They took their places in conspicuous parts of each room, and on the stroke of twelve the house lights were switched off and the figures "1900" appeared in electricity on the brim of each page's cocked hat.

During New Year's eve, at the Plaza, at least twenty-five thousand people pass in and out of the six dining-rooms, and among them are probably five hundred whose names are known throughout the country.

The Romance of Hidden Wealth

By W. A. ATKINSON
From Chambers's Journal

FROM time to time we are reminded by the moralist of the assiduous and anxious thought which must be given to the management of large fortunes. No part of this anxiety, save in exceptional conditions, arises out of a fear of the actual loss of bullion, specie, or plate; it originates rather in those subtler risks attending the fluctuations of stocks, the rising and falling of market prices, and the profitable or unprofitable investment of capital. In ancient times conditions were reversed. The question then was, how to hold the actual specie or plate safely and conveniently, so that one might lay one's hands upon the stock and use it as required. The difficulty now is how to lend it safely and profitably, how to get it out of one's hands, where it lies unproductive, and, by putting it out at interest, live upon the fruits of it. The factors which make for success in the two cases are very different. Strong walls and secret hiding-places give little contentment to the modern millionaire. Public opinion or the varying whims of the markets had little effect upon the affluent squire of the past, whose wealth was locked up as hard cash in an iron-bound chest in the strongest recess of his country house.

From very early times the hoarding of coins has been a common, and indeed a necessary, practice. The frequency with which, in this country, stores of Roman coins are turned up by the ploughshare or laid bare by the pick and shovel of the excavator shows how general the practice of hid-

ing treasure in the ground was with these invaders. Many of these hoards are contained in metal or earthenware jars, and they consist usually of a great number of the small coins which were current at the time when the receptacles were buried in the ground. They were, indeed, working treasures, and not stores of wealth such as a miser would accumulate. Only a few months ago, for instance, a farmer was ploughing in a field near Stanley, not far from an old Roman road, when the ploughshare struck an earthenware vase lying about two feet in the ground, which, upon examination, was found to contain over five thousand bronze coins, chiefly of the time of Constantine the Great. About sixteen years ago an almost identical discovery was made at Lingwood, near York. In this instance the urn which the ploughshare brought to light held over six thousand brass coins of the reign of Constantine. More valuable, however—to select one more instance—were the contents of a copper chest found near Bingley in 1773 by a farmer who was making a drain. In this receptacle there was close upon a hundredweight of Roman silver pieces, coined at fifteen different periods, the earliest being of the time of Julius Caesar. It is worthy of remark that this discovery turned the efforts of the local coiners (of whom there was a notorious gang) into a new channel, and they began to counterfeit Roman coins.

The discovery of hoards accumulated and put by in more recent times is not so common an event, by com-

parison, as we might expect. It was long before post-Roman Britain attained the high civilization which it had enjoyed in Roman times, and never again was it so completely laid waste as during the Saxon invasions. It was long, therefore, before money again acquired the general utility and importance which it had possessed under the Romans; and when it did so there was no general break in the regular progression of social growth, throwing the country back upon barbarous times and customs in which money had little or no comparative value. Treasure which was laid by in the times of the Lancastrian kings might be discovered in the reign of Elizabeth, and it had at once a recognized value as bullion, if not as current coin. And, again, the habitable sites and dwellings where treasure was likely to be hidden by accident or design were in most instances continuously occupied from Saxon times, and there was thus greater probability that the hidden stores would be brought to light than was the case in the generally deserted and forgotten sites of Roman times.

Still, the discovery of medieval hoards is not of uncommon occurrence. In July, 1902, an exceptional discovery of this kind was made at Colchester by the workmen who were engaged in taking down the premises of the London and County Building Company, which were about to be rebuilt. Six feet below the surface of the ground they found a leaden casket which contained nearly twenty thousand silver coins of an early period, many of them of the reigns of Stephen John, and Henry II. They were all in good condition, which, considering the perishable nature of silver, affords excellent testimony to the protective character of the leaden receptacle in which they were buried. At Oulton, near Leeds, a small discovery of a somewhat similar kind was made in 1905, and was the subject of an official inquest. Some men who were engaged in digging a hole to receive the carcass of a horse struck a

metal vessel, which proved to be an urn of peculiar shape. Within the urn were discovered about two hundred silver coins dating from the sixteenth century.

The hiding or hoarding of treasure is a subject often referred to in our literature, and it has occasionally employed the pen and the brush of the illuminator of manuscripts. An illumination of a fourteenth century manuscript at Oxford depicts a couple of men lowering a metal-bound box into a bricked vault by means of a couple of cords. Several persons are looking on, and one of them is a priest holding a book and sprinkling holy water over the box. The inference would seem to be that the treasure was being consecrated to religious use; but whether that be so or not, the means employed for its preservation are significant of somewhat lawless and uncertain times.

There is evidence that the hiding of money in secret places in the ground was a well-known practice some three hundred years earlier than this. Stigand, the Saxon Archbishop of Canterbury, thus disposed of his treasures; and it is said that he spent the closing years of his life as a veritable miser at Winchester, having about his neck the cord of a little key which fitted a box wherein he kept a list of his money-bags buried in secret places.

The curious legend of "The Thief of the Treasury," translated by Dr. Luard in the Life of Edward the Confessor, in the Rolls Series, affords indirect evidence that in those early times the central national treasury was nothing more nor less than a hoard of gold stored in the royal bedroom of the palace at Westminster. While the king lies in his bed, the chamberlain, Hugo, enters the room, and takes such money from the treasure-chest as he wants. A scullion of the kitchen, entering a little later, finds the chest open, and, thinking the king asleep, helps himself to a portion of its contents. Having hidden this stolen treasure, he returns again and yet again for more. But at the third time

the steps of Hugo are heard approaching the chamber, and the king good-humoredly advises the scullion to fly quickly, lest he be discovered by the chamberlain, who will not leave him even a halfpenny.

Numerous treasure-chests of various periods survive to remind us how universal was the custom of securing wealth within the walls of houses. The iron-bound so-called Domesday Chest, with its three massive locks, is one of these. Its woodwork is two inches thick, and sheathed with iron, both within and without, in addition to the iron bands and iron nails. Its weight is at least a quarter of a ton. Down to the seventeenth century or later these iron-bound boxes were in use, and some of the more recent ones have locks of most elaborate construction, occupying the whole of the inside of the lid, and shooting a dozen bolts in all directions, even in some cases into the corners of the box.

A manuscript of the fifteenth century contains an illumination in which Avarice is represented as an English trader counting his money. His metal-bound treasure-chest, not in this instance a large one, stands upon the table, and its open lid reveals a store of coins filling the box to its edges, and suggesting a hoard of several hundreds, if not even a few thousands of pounds—a substantial sum in those times.

Merry Mr. Peppy, who laid his soul bare in his secret diary, was not without a touch of avarice. Listen to this confession: "This day I received four hundred and fifty pieces of gold more of Mr. Stokes, but cost me twenty-two and a half pence change; but I am well contented with it, I having now nearly two thousand eight hundred pounds in gold, and will not rest till I get full three thousand. . . . My wife and all the maids abed but Jane, whom I have put confidence in; she and I, and my brother, and Tom and W. Hower, did bring up all the remainder of my money and my plate-chest out of the cellar, and placed the money in my study with the rest, and

the plate in my dressing-room; but, indeed, I am in great pain to think how to dispose of my money, it being wholly unsafe to keep it all in coin in one place." A very sagacious conclusion, and one which many others must have arrived at in those times—such, for instance, as the father of the poet Pope, who, when he retired from business in the city, carried with him into the country a strong chest containing nearly twenty thousand pounds, from which he drew the sums for his household expenses as he required them.

The times were now ripe for the institution of banks of a modern character, and they originated shortly after the Restoration. Informal banking had formed a branch of the goldsmith's business for a long time before this; but the action of Charles I. in seizing some two hundred thousand pounds placed by the merchants of London in the Royal Mint for safety, and the general disturbances caused by the Civil War, must have forced many to fall back upon their own resources for the preservation of their wealth. What, under the circumstances, could be safer or more convenient than a private hoard lodged in some secret place in one's own house?

Sir Henry Slingsby, when quartered at Newark with the king in 1645, grew short of money. He accordingly made a secret journey to his home near York, making the actual entry into his house by night, where he stayed one day, and returned with forty pounds in gold, the vault being made so secretly that scarce any in his own house knew that he was there. A secret hiding-place was indispensable for the private hoards at this particular time. Two rival factions were vying over the country, neither of them disposed to be any too nice about sacrificing the private wealth of their opponents to the public uses favored by themselves.

It was the common opinion of writers on economics in the seventeenth century that much currency was hid-

den in ceilings, behind wainscots, and in secret drawers. Hogarth, in his print of "The Inheritance," forming one of the set of "The Rake's Progress," has depicted a shower of coins falling from the ceiling of the room where a workman has accidentally disturbed the molding. Old cabinets and secretaries of any size have usually one or two secret drawers or cupboards often most ingeniously contrived. It is surprising how well these secret corners chafe detection, even when their existence may be expected or inferred. Some years ago the wife of a Kentish laborer was breaking up an old chest of drawers, when she discovered a secret compartment nearly filled with gold coins of the reigns of William III. and George II. The chest had been purchased for a few shillings about twenty years previously, and the fact that this little store of coins had not been discovered earlier was all the more strange because in all probability the drawers had been several times repaired.

A curious list of hiding-places for money is afforded by two old books of memoranda and receipts relating to the Fulham Pottery Works in 1693 and 1698. There are two hundred and forty guineas in a wooden box in a hole under the fireplace in the garret. There are four hundred and sixty more in two covered receptacles under the fireplace in the old labora-

tory. Behind the door of the little parlor there is a can containing some milled money. Two boxes full of money were placed in two holes of the great furnace, from which they were to be drawn by a long, crooked iron standing behind the kitchen door. In all, ten or a dozen such hiding-places are named, and the money was variously contained in boxes, bags, cans, pots, and purses.

There can be little doubt that the practice of hoarding money and valuables in private houses gave great encouragement to crime. A glance through the pages of early volumes of the Annual Register, largely devoted to the chronicles of crime, reveals a number of apparently hastily planned robberies, which resulted in rich hauls out of all proportion to the occasion. Some thieves get in at the garret-window of a house in Devonshire Square, and carry off from the owner's bed-chamber an iron chest containing cash, notes, and other valuables to the amount of ten thousand pounds. Two men enter the Custom House at Limerick, and in a few minutes carry off cash to the amount of about eighteen hundred pounds. Such is the character of the crimes which were then most successful—a bold, quick blow for the treasure-chest, which was almost certain to be well-stocked, and very often convenient for removal by two or three thieves acting in concert.



LEE MONG KOW, HIS MOTHER, WIFE AND FAMILY

A Remarkable Canadian Chinaman

By R. B. BENNETT

SURFEITED with sensations as New Yorkers are, the inhabitants of old Gotham had to admit their surprise when a Canadian Chinaman recently arrived in their midst, attended by several relatives and servants, and took possession of the luxurious state apartment at the Hotel Belmont. This wealthy visitor was Mr. Lee Mong Kow, of Victoria, British Columbia, and in his party were his daughter, Miss Lee Vutwah Mong Kow; her companion, Miss Lee Gam Vee; his mother-in-law, Mrs. Sam Kee, and two friends. His visit to New York was the first he ever paid to the great Eastern metropolis, and he

found its varied attractions of the deepest interest.

Lee Mong Kow is a splendid type of the high-bred Chinaman, who, while not throwing aside altogether the habits of his native land, has sufficiently adopted Occidentalisms as to separate him from the rest of his countrymen in the capital city of British Columbia. For eighteen years he has filled the position of official Chinese reporter of the Canadian customs office in Victoria, B.C., which calls for peculiar qualifications, and in which there are opportunities to practice deception for gain, yet after a long and continued service he retains the entire

Unpoised Lives

The life of the criminal is simply an unpoised life. If a person were perfectly poised, wrong-doing would be so repugnant that it would be unthinkable.

It is the one-sided, the unpoised mind that goes wrong. It is just as normal for the balanced mind to choose the right, the good, as for the magnet to draw to itself whatever is kindred.

Just as the needle in the mariner's compass always points to the north star, no matter how thick the fog or how the tempest rages, there is a needle within every human being which always points to the north star of rectitude, of right, of truth, no matter what storms of discord, of weakness, or of crime may be raging in the individual mind. Nothing can prevent this little indicator from pointing to the right, no matter how far the individual may drift from it, how low he may sink in vicious living.—Success Magazine.

confidence of the staff of Canadian officials and has never been found abusing the authority, which, of necessity, must be placed in him.

As an evidence of the trustworthy character of the man his recent visit to the East is a proof. For some time Chinese had been entering Canada in small bodies at the ports of Halifax and Montreal. The customs officials allowed these to enter as immigrants, generally after an examination to ascertain whether they were eligible under the statute or not. Few were rejected. The Chinamen for the most part came from Mexico and entered Canada as merchants or under such qualifications as would entitle them to admittance. Recently, when Mr. O'Hara, the official at Ottawa charged with this branch of the service, visited the Pacific Coast, he was struck with the methods in force at Victoria to check the immigration of the Oriental, and the inquisitorial way in which the examination was conducted by Lee Mong Kow. Mr. O'Hara was convinced that such a course should be followed in the East. The Chinamen had discovered that by entering Canada at the eastern ports there were greater opportunities to evade the law. So a Chinaman was set to catch a Chinaman. Lee Mong Kow went east to teach the advanced Canadian to interpret his own regulations. His first duty was to inspect a party of supposedly Chinese merchants at Montreal. These wily Orientals were surprised to be met by one of their own countrymen, accustomed to their ways and knowing the methods peculiar to themselves, but who at the same time was loyal to the government whose servant he was. Given a free hand, it was not long before Lee Mong Kow found that deception was being practiced, and over twenty of his countrymen who sought to gain admittance to the Dominion were rejected. As might be expected, he makes enemies

among his own countrymen, and it is not uncommon for those who are interested in the immigration of coolie labor and who have been frustrated in their designs by the wit of the Chinese interpreter to charge wrongdoing on his part. But, after so years' service, it has not yet been shown that he ever acted dishonestly, and Lee Mong Kow commands wide respect.

While it is not uncommon for a Chinaman of the coolie class to develop shrewd business ability under conditions in this country and to show the dignity which is a characteristic of the higher bred Celestial, Lee Mong Kow had a distinct advantage in having been born in a higher station than the majority of those who come to America. His father was a merchant, and as a boy he received all the benefits that went with such a position. He was given a good education, and when about twenty years of age came to San Francisco. For three years he studied English there, and now is so proficient in the language that his fluency is marred only by a slight accent and a little hesitation in speech. He went to Victoria when about twenty-three and joined one of the Chinese companies doing business there. For a year he represented the firm in Montreal, and when the branch was closed there, he returned to the Pacific Coast, where he has since lived. In 1890, he became interpreter to the customs department, but as that does not take up all his time he has identified himself with business interests. In addition to holding the controlling interest in one of the best Chinese mercantile houses in Victoria, he deals extensively in real estate both in that city and Vancouver. In this line of business he has also been eminently successful, a further indication of his excellent judgment and ability. At present, he numbers many white people among his tenants.

With prosperity, one would think



LEE MONG KOW

Lee Mong Kow would hanker for a trip to his native land. "I have never been back there since I left," he replied with a shake of the head, when the question was asked if he would ever make the trip across the Pacific, "and I have no intention of living anywhere else but in Victoria. My interests are all here, my family are being raised as Canadians, for my wife is a Canadian," he smiled. Mrs. Lee Mong Kow was born in Victoria, being the daughter of a Chinese vegetable farmer. She is very pretty from a Chinese standpoint, and the seven children, which blessed the union, are being brought up under the

most refined influences. Two are attending English schools, and all will be given a thorough English education, not neglecting, of course, a training in Chinese.

"At one time it was thought wise to leave your children fortune, but I have found out that it is far better to give them a good education," is his modern philosophy.

Unassuming in manner, Lee Mong Kow is always dignified. Perhaps this coincides with the conservatism in his nature, for despite his recognition of the advantages of education he is not in the more advanced ranks of his countrymen in the promotion of the reform move-

ment. When the Chinese Empire Reform Association was organized to hasten the adoption of occidental customs in China, he became a member, believing that the future of his country lay in the introduction of these reforms. Yet his instinctive conservatism has prevented him taking a very active part in the movement, although in his association with Caucasians he appreciates the benefits of modern methods. In Kang Yu Wei, the head of the reform movement, Lee Mong Kow saw a disposition to revolution rather than gradual reform. He favored a slow movement, and feared that Kang Yu Wei's plans aimed at too great speed. For that reason, the association has not had his hearty support. He was one of the founders of the Chinese Benevolent Association, an organization for mutual help, and while always ready to take part in all national movements among his countrymen, he stops short if he thinks anything very radical is being suggested.

His conservatism is again noticed in his adherence to the Confucian religion, in which he was brought up.

"Why should I change?" and hesitates as much as to suggest that his interviewer might just as well consider changing over from Christianity. "Confucianism is specially adapted to the Chinese mind and character. The humanitarian principles of Confucius are well laid down, and I recognize that a man can make his own heaven or hell by his conduct here on earth. I have no fear that a good Chinaman, who has acted rightly to himself and to his fellowmen, will not have as favorable a hereafter as any good white man."

Christianity finds no favor with him, and he has no hesitation in pro-

nouncing many of those who strongly advocate it as insincere and actuated by selfish motives. When one considers the many happenings that have followed the introduction of the Bible among the peoples of the Orient and the Pacific Islands, one realizes that he is not altogether without reason in the stand he takes.

A year or two ago, Lee Mong Kow, with the natural aspiration for ostentation that comes with acquired wealth, purchased a beautiful residence in what is known as "The Gorge," one of the fashionable residential portions of Victoria. He left his old home in Chinatown and lived in general in the English manner in the tony section. At times, however, some of his neighbors would be entertained during a summer evening with the "sweet" sounds, (the word music was almost used) of a Chinese orchestra. This, however, is all over now, and Lee Mong Kow is once more surrounded by the familiar environments of his beloved Chinatown. The change was too much for his conservative nature, and too long he had run in a groove to be happy in a strange location. Yet, it may not have been that altogether, but to be near his place of business. Anyway, he lives in Chinatown, his mother being a member of his family. Both she and her son have the distinction of belonging to the fourth rank in the Chinese social system, these numbering to the ninth. While conservative, Lee Mong Kow is only natural, for few of us change from the style and customs to which we have been accustomed, and after all he comes nearer to being a "white" man than many a Caucasian. If all Oriental immigrants were such as he, the "yellow peril" would not be the problem that it is feared in America.

Heeding the Voice of the House

By WILLIAM F. HYPES

From System Magazine

A SALES MANAGER one day asked me this question, "What one thing above all others, do you try to impress upon your men on the road?"

The answer was easy. "I try to make them understand," I said, "that ability to sell is not the only quality needed in a salesman. To show them that simple ability to land orders will not qualify them for our sales force unless at the same time they follow absolutely the instructions of the house and attend promptly to the details of their work."

Every day that I sit at my desk and watch reports come in from the men in the field, I wish I had a more forcible way of saying or demonstrating the truth of that same statement, for I know that some of those men must learn it sooner or later through sad experience. Every time I see new men start out with their samples, I wish it again, for I know that some of them are going to fail because they do not realize the importance of the warning.

Time after time I have seen the brilliant beginner fall down for no other reason than that he let his own magnetic ability to take orders blind him to the necessity of keeping picked up the shag ends of his business. And again and again I have seen the mediocre man develop into a star because he recognized instructions from the house as commands—demanding immediate execution—and was just as particular about his daily

details as about the size of his orders.

Of this routine work, one phase overshadows in importance all the rest. No one omission on the salesman's part causes more trouble for all parties concerned than his neglect in checking up his own samples and price lists with the house bulletins on stock shortages and price changes. Done promptly upon receipt of the house notices, this work is a comparatively simple matter; allowed to run until several bulletins have accumulated, it is one of the salesman's chief bugbears. Failure to check up is the certain forerunner of orders for goods that cannot be delivered and the making of price quotations which will get him into serious trouble.

Let me illustrate. A salesman starts out on the road with his sample cases, catalogue and special price lists. In order that he may truly represent his firm, there must be demonstrated an intimate spirit of cooperation between him and the house. The house must keep constantly informed of his movements and his business transactions; and he must, of course, keep in the closest possible touch with the home office.

The first of these requirements is fulfilled through the orders that he sends in and his daily, weekly or special reports as regards his sales, his routes of travel, his expenses, and conditions of trade in certain localities or with certain dealers. Every

one of these reports meets careful disposition in the house. The orders are booked for delivery, special contingencies in trade are met as judgment dictates, and the personal record of the salesman's movements is carefully noted in the sales manager's office.

Now in turn, for the salesman's benefit, the house sends out each day or week a bulletin of information and instructions. There is a general statement of trade conditions as gathered from hundreds of reports and viewed from the perspective standpoint of the house. There is advance information on styles and fashions and new talking points that have been developed regarding certain goods either in the house or by other men on the road. But specifically and most important of all, these bulletins list those goods which for any reason have been exhausted or called off sale, and those other goods on which it has been found necessary or advisable to change the price quotations.

If the salesman acts upon this information with an attentiveness corresponding to that which the house accords his reports, what will he do? He will immediately correct his price book, special price lists and catalogues, and at the earliest possible opportunity will check up his samples, discarding or marking out those withdrawn from sale.

This, admittedly, is detail work, distasteful to many an easy-going salesman, who depends upon the charm of a strong personality to entice large orders into his book. But it is an essential—an absolute essential—to the man who wants to secure the confidence of his house and his customers and score a permanent success in his work.

If he does it promptly each time he receives a weekly or a special notice of stock and price changes, he is always sure of the accuracy of his quotations; he knows that every order he takes is a bona fide order and can be filled at the house.

But, how about the other, the take-it-easy salesman? He glances over

his house notices and tosses them into his sample case for future attention. Next morning or a week later he drops in on a regular customer down the line. He lands a big order, and books it all with never a thought as to whether it can all be delivered. His own samples and price lists indicate no "outs" and while he is in conversation with his customer he has neither time nor inclination to refer to his bulletins. The result is that several items go on order that have been called off sale in the house—and three kinds of trouble are immediately started.

The first man affected is the manager of the department where the order is received. Here is a request for goods which have been unavailable for some time and he knows positively that every man on the road has been informed of the shortage. He has the salesman's receipts showing the date such information reached him. He gives free expression to his opinion of such work and reports the salesman's inexcusable oversight to the sales manager.

But that is not all. He must write the customer, explaining as best he can that the goods were out when his order was received. Possibly he tells him when the goods are expected in stock again and suggests a substitute in the meantime. At best it is a diplomatic operation.

Then comes the second bit of trouble—the customer receives the letter of explanation and his order, short the much-needed goods. Righteous disappointment puts down a black mark in his mind against both the salesman and the house, and the dealer is that moment removed one degree further off from becoming a permanent customer.

Possibly he takes immediate occasion to complain direct to the house. At least he has opportunity to express himself the next time his order is solicited. How many salesmen have had that unpleasant experience of walking in on a supposedly dependable source of a good order only

to find that the order has just gone into the book of a persistent rival? Yet it happens every day for no other reason than that a promised shipment failed to come. "Why should I buy of you," says the dealer, and justly, "and have my order accompanied by the uncertainty of its delivery when I can buy of Brown & Company and be sure of getting my goods?" And indeed, why should he?

And then the third batch of trouble, the concentration of the two previous complaints—it comes properly directed at the salesman himself. He comes in from the road and finds on his sales manager's desk not one but a half dozen complaints due to his omissions—orders that could not be filled, prices that could not be confirmed, specific evidence that the details of his road work have been neglected. His sensational initial orders, his record-breaking days are forgotten in that moment by the sales manager, who is seeking not only to make sales but to inspire the confidence of every dealer, to build up a permanent trade.

"But I was too busy," explains the salesman, "I have been selling goods day and night. Would you expect me to waste an hour of valuable time on this work when I could be selling three or four hundred dollars worth of goods?"

But has he been selling goods in the strictest sense? Is the sale worth while if it necessitates a negligence that breeds complaints and dissatisfaction in the trade? I believe there is not a sales manager dealing with the general trade who would not rather see a somewhat smaller order that can be filled with absolute satisfaction than a record-breaker that is going to bring another load to the complaint department and made demands upon the diplomacy of every man who touches it.

Lack of observance for details has left a thousand salesmen stranded on the sands. Every sales manager knows their class. He has met them

only too often during his own days on the road.

I can recall a dozen men, with every prospect of becoming brilliant salesmen, who failed absolutely because of this one thing. I am reminded just now of one in particular who came to grief through this single omission of duty. He had been out for a Chicago dry goods house a year. He was popular with the trade and his sales were good. Then complaints began to struggle in. The sales manager suspected where the trouble lay, but the road man had received instructions repeatedly on the subject and he was given a time extension in which to brace up.

Suddenly he was taken ill. His sample cases were shipped in from his last stopping place and the sample department manager went over them with customary care. And therein lay the inevitable difficulty. Not an "out" had been checked off in three months. Not a price quotation changed.

Six weeks later, when the salesman came out of the hospital he called at the house and received his check and congratulations on his recovery. But he was no longer one of the firm's salesmen. As a plain business proposition, the house could not afford to keep him; he was a business loser, not a business builder.

Some of the things I have said here may seem strong, but if there was any way of making salesmen realize the importance of this warning I would make my statements stronger still. If men on the road would only remember that there is more to a sale than the mere sale itself, that an order rightly handled should always be the entrance to more business, that a customer is not a real customer until absolute confidence makes the salesman and the house in his eyes his business partners, then they might realize that one complaint may lose a firm's most valued customer, that one detail omitted may lose business that can never be regained, and that sooner or later his own negligence will lose him his position.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MOTOR BOAT

By Lewis Nixon



THE "ELKAY"

Owned by W. H. Briggs. 15 feet long; speed 15 miles

THE development of the motor boat in America is very rapid. Starting with pleasure launches the great usefulness of the motor boat has become known and now larger and larger boats are being equipped.

Fishing boats from Gloucester and Galveston, tugs at various ports, the great auxiliary schooner Northland and the excursion fishing boat Arion, running daily from New York City to the fishing banks out at sea, each of these boats having 500 horse-power Standard engines, are examples of commercial use.

Russia has ten torpedo boats with 600 horse-power each of Standard engines, and Austria has bought four such engines for torpedo service.

England has a number of torpedo boats and is now building 100 picket-boats for coast patrol.

In no line of human endeavor has the progress been more advantageous to the general public, nor on more mechanically progressive lines, than the marine motor.

The ocean voyage in winter gales of the Gregory from New York to

Russia removed all doubts as to the use of such motors for ocean work.

The big auxiliary schooner Northland, with her three thousand tons of cargo, and the fishing boats, with 300 horse-power motors and wireless equipment keeping the owners in touch with the fish market ashore, are evidences that the commercial value of such motors is appreciated.

In tugs, fishing boats, excursion boats and yachts and for government use in all types of smaller vessels, motors are now to be seen throughout the country.

Competition for the cup offered by a member of the New York Yacht Club in the race to Bermuda is distinguished by the fact that entries and arrivals are taken as a matter of course. The splendid work done in the Marblehead sea endurance race is notable as an index of progress.

The gasoline engine still holds the popular place and rightly so.

We read extravagant claims of the English kerosene motors, but when we buy the devices they turn out to be something that we have discarded years ago.

Practically one must get up steam with a kerosene motor, while its small renders its use most undesirable on pleasure boats.

Steam is being supplanted in larger sizes of vessels, and its complete replacement marks a decided change. Take, for example, the Idler, the former steam auxiliary yacht of Mr. Henry T. Sloane. She is being fitted with a 200 horse-power motor, using a genuine feathering screw that turns the blades fore and aft, doing away with all resistance. The engine is used also to compress air to work the windlass and winches for raising sail, etc. The vessel is lighted by a motor electric generator and the exhaust heats water for heating the vessel.

The yacht Vanessa of Dr. Morton F. Peck and the Savorona of Mr. C. H. Clark each have 100 horse-power engines with feathering screws. Of the noted cruisers of this year, Mr. Borland's yacht for the coast of Maine, having a 500 horse-power engine, is a remarkable boat. Then that all-round sportsman, Mr. Price McKenney, of Cleveland, is installing an engine in his new boat, the Standard, that made 541 brake horse-power at 580 revolutions. This boat will go abroad to carry the American flag in the sixty-mile race at Monaco.

The police department of the city of New York has just replaced the

steam machinery of the police launches by motors, with great improvement in the service, and with the New York Herald Owllet and the twin screw revenue cutter berthing at South Ferry keeps the motor boat before the people of the city.

Many an old fisherman or boatman to whom advancing age was bringing weakness and stiffening joints finds in the motor new use, new strength and continued earning power.

Every stream, lake and bay has them. No one can say they are a menace; all who realize what they are doing will say they are a blessing. Let us hope that Mr. Busybody will keep his hands off of a factor of such genuine usefulness.

Two of the latest designs in motor boats exhibited at the recent Motor Boat Show in New York may be described. The first is a forty-five foot high-speed sea-going runabout.

The freeboard is generous. The beam liberal and a speed of twenty miles an hour is had all the while if required. The hull is planked and finished in teakwood and is varnished inside and outside.

The motive power is a six-cylinder, four-cycle, 6 in. by 6 in. Speedway engine, developing 60 h.p. at 750 revolutions. On the water line the boat is 43 feet, the beam six feet six inches and the draught two feet seven inches. The bow is round and the stern of the torpedo



MOTOR BOAT "GREGORY"

In which Mr. Nixon crossed the Atlantic



LEWIS NIXON

"The designer who built the 'Gregory,'
Great Motor Boat to cross the ocean

type, which protects the rudder. The forward deck is eleven feet eight

inches in length and under this is a twenty-five gallon auxiliary supply fuel tank. At the forward end of the cockpit are two hinged hoods covering the motor, aft of which is the operator's space, separated by a bulkhead and a glass wind shield from the after cockpit. The seating arrangements of the after cockpit are provided for by two athwartship transoms and four wicker armchairs. The rear end of the cockpit is square, and under the after deck is a 100-gallon fuel tank. An automobile steerer is fastened to the bulkhead aft of the engine compartment, and reverse lever and control mechanism are brought to the hands of the engineer. The craft is handsome, and her seagoing ability, tested in similar boats, is a feature which will make the type popular. The boat has just been built for Mr. C. H. Walker, of St. Louis, and will be used on the coast of Maine.

The other is a runabout of moderate speed and generous carrying capacity. It is thirty feet over all, twenty-nine feet six inches on the water line, six feet beam and twenty-five inches draught. A four-cylinder four and a half inches by



"SPEEDWAY" GAROLINE LAUNCE

five inches Speedway engine, which develops sixteen to twenty horsepower at about 550 to 650 revolutions a minute, is installed under a hood at the forward end of the cockpit, from which it is separated by a bulkhead. A ventilating cowling on the cockpit cover tends to keep down the temperature of the engine space, and an automobile steerer, with a spark and throttle control, as well as reverse lever and starting crank at the engineer's hands,

allows one man to control the boat with ease and safety. With the exception of an athwartship stern transom, the cockpit is left entirely free for chairs. The fuel tank, which is installed under the after deck, has a capacity of fifty gallons. The hull is cedar planked, copper fastened and painted white, while the decks, hatch over the motor and the interior finish are of mahogany, varnished. The stern is mahogany, finished bright.



THE "SPEEDWAY" SPECIAL



THE "GRAYLING"

Owned by C. G. K. Briggs, 300 horse-power, 15 miles speed



THE "WINTERA"

Owned by William Chasborough, 54 feet long, 35 horse-power, speed of 33 1/2 miles



FLORIDA CRUISER "BRAGGON"

Owned by Robert J. Park, speed 30 1/2 miles, 45 feet long, 34 feet beam

The Habit of Observation

By FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C.

From the Saturday Review

THE faculty of accurate observation and of logical deduction from what is noticed may be in some persons innate, but it can be cultivated to a degree which seems almost incredible to townsmen. They seldom acquire it, or indeed try to do so, and yet to soldiers, who are now mostly town-bred, the power is useful on the battle-field, and is often invaluable to troops employed on outpost duties.

People who read Fenimore Cooper's novels and can recall his stories of the marvellous skill of trappers may have often doubted the accuracy of the incidents he describes. Such doubts are not felt by those who have seen Canadian half-breeds on a track, or have noticed Hottentots and Kafirs following a spoor (spuren) in South Africa.

A few years ago two British officers went for a month's shooting trip in the northwest of Canada, and arranged to meet two friends at the end of a fortnight. On the fourteenth day the party struck a trail, going in the same direction as their own, and one remarked to the tracker, "We must be overtaking our friends." The guide asked, "Have they a baggage pony?" "No, only horses." "Then the trail is not that of your friends, for in front of us there are three horses and a pony which is blind in its near eye." At sunset, when the officers overtook the party and noticed that their guide had been correct, they asked, "How did you know that the pony was blind of its near eye?" He

replied, "Because as it closed in on the horses it often made a false step."

This story might be capped by sportsmen of experience who have followed game in sparsely populated lands; and Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell, in his "Scouting for Boys," gives several instances not only of the value of training in accurate observation, but also of the art of drawing sound deductions from what is observed.

Since the Franco-Prussian war increased attention has been paid to scouting in the annual field training of the Regular Army, but there is yet a great deal more to be done in it, and still more for the Territorial Forces. All officers who have trained or have supervised the training of troops will agree with this view.

One morning when I was questioning the men of a battalion recruited almost entirely from a city, to ascertain whether they fully understood the scheme of operations, it transpired from the answers of the first six men, who stated that they were expecting an attack from the north, that none of them knew where to look for the north, although a bright sun had been up for three hours!

While the lessons of costly errors in South Africa were still fresh in our minds an order was issued that during the marches of troops arrangements should be made to develop the mental powers of young soldiers by requiring them to note and afterwards describe what they had observed.

From one station cavalry soldiers

were ordered to ride long distances and encouraged to report what they had noticed in passing through towns. A commanding officer so little appreciated the object of the order that instead of visiting the towns himself, he gave each of them a book, which he directed them to get initiated by the post-masters of the towns as a proof of their having ridden the distance.

It is not surprising when some officers have so little imagination that private soldiers should be unobservant. As far as I know, the practice of observation is not taught in schools, and Charles Kingsley was the only parent I have known to educate his children regularly in this manner. I suppose of the millions who have passed through Trafalgar Square there are but few who could name the statues in it, and still fewer who could describe them.

In 1902 I adopted the principles taught by Colonel (Major-General) L. W. Parsons, R.A., in a lecture on "Training the Powers of Observation," and in 1903, with the help of Surgeon-General Evans, C.B., I added the practice of visual training. Classes of soldiers were taken out and required to describe accurately the natural and artificial objects within sight, and to estimate the distances of all such within six hundred yards. The improvement in the men's vision effected after a few lessons was remarkable, and in May, 1904, an important War Office paper was issued, entitled, "Instructions for Judging Distance and Visual Training." After laying down that the object of all training was the development of eyesight, the instructions dwell on the importance of accuracy in estimating distances, stating that exorcisms had clearly demonstrated that an error of one hundred yards either short of, or beyond a target six hundred yards off, rendered ineffective, even with marksmen, two out of three bullets. Accuracy, however, cannot be obtained or maintained in the estimating of distances without constant practice,

and the habit of accurate observation and logical deduction will greatly add to the effect of rifle-fire.

Although it is, of course, easier to practise observation in the country than it is in a city, yet even there much useful exercise is obtainable; for instance, any man walking to his office, or sitting on an omnibus, may estimate distances and check his estimates by pacing himself, or timing if he is on wheels. He will usually over-estimate the distance in a long straight street or where the object is only partly in sight; he will generally under-estimate it when snow is on the ground, when the object is large, or when the sun is behind the observer. The visual and mental horizon of townsmen may be greatly extended by such simple self-instruction.

A countryman may learn much from observing the habits of animals and birds. The following are two remarkable instances from history of the military value of such knowledge, accompanied with the practice of making sound deductions: the former instance from negative indications, the latter from positive signs. On 8 June, 1857, Mr G. Ricketts, C.B., learnt at Lodiana from his assistant, Mr. Thornton, that from the Philharmonic Fort he had seen the Jalandhar brigade of mutineers, then marching toward Delhi, receive as guests in the Philharmonic cantonment by the 3rd Bengal Infantry, a detachment of which regiment held the Lodiana Fort, which is eight miles distant from Philharmonic, and on the south bank of the Satlaj. The river in 1857 ran in one main, broad, unfavourable channel, with many subsidiary streams. Mr. Thornton in crossing the floating bridge had cut away the northern end of the boats, thus severing the communication with the south bank. The Deputy-Commissioner, having ordered a force of irregulars to follow him, rode to the bridge head and crossed over the main channel in a ferry-boat. There was still a mile of sand and water, jungle, and shallow streams between him and the northern bank of the river, a few

hundred yards from which the Philharmonic Fort stood. The boatsmen now refused to follow the Deputy-Commissioner, who was wading with his trousers off, because two hours earlier they had seen several mutineers who had marched down, hoping to cross by the bridge, disappear into the high jungle, when they realized that the bridge had been cut. Mr. Ricketts, while looking at the bank, observed a large black-and-white kingfisher, a shy bird, poised over the jungle and swoop down into a pool just outside it. Then, seeing several more, he said, "Come on, there is no one there." "How can you tell?" "Just look at those kingfishers; they never settle near men; and the boatsmen, quite satisfied, followed him to the fort.

The positive instance occurred in 1866. The Archduke Joseph, a distant relative of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, belonged to a branch of the Hapsburgs which had been settled in Hungary for more than a century. He was the great protector of the local gipsies; whence his name, "The Gipsy Archduke"; and had popularized the *Zigane* music by

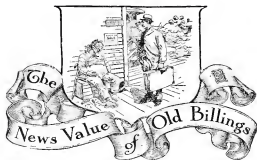
arranging many of their tunes in scores for orchestras.

During the night, 2-3 July, before the battle of Sadowa, a division commanded by the Archduke, retreating before the Prussian Army, had bivouached near a town in Bohemia facing north. At midnight the Archduke, when resting in a peasant's cottage, was awakened by the arrival of a gipsy, who insisted on seeing him personally, having come to report the advance of the enemy. The Archduke, who spoke *Romani* fluently, asked, "How do you know? Our outposts have not reported any movement." "That, your Highness, is because the enemy is still some way off." "Then how do you know?" The gipsy, pointing to the dark sky, lighted by the moon, observed, "You see those birds flying over the woods from north to south?" "Yes; what of them?" "Those birds do not fly by night unless disturbed, and the direction of their flight indicates that the enemy is coming this way." The Archduke put his division under arms and reinforced the outposts, which in two hours' time were heavily attacked.

Courtesy in Business

Anonymous

The man who solicits your advertisement, the salesman who has samples to exhibit, the life-insurance agent whose hair-trigger tongue pleads eloquently for your family, even the seductive canvasser who tries to inveigle you into buying a history of the world in twenty-five volumes, can be listened to for a courteous minute or two and politely dismissed without seriously clogging the wheels of business. Perhaps they may really have something worth while to offer. Above all, the tellers and the cashiers of every bank need a course in the art of gracious expression. Why should the depositor of money be regarded with frowning suspicion, and why should his mistake in endorsing cheques wrong side up, or his failure to have his books balanced regularly, call forth shouts of correction instead of a few words of kindly instruction? After all, he is only ignorant or only forgetful. No dark scheme for defrauding the bank lurks behind his failure to follow the bank's rules. Courtesy is its own reward. It pays in personal satisfaction, in minimizing friction, in making friends, and in raising you in the eyes of your business associates.



By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

From Hampton's Broadway

IT ISN'T often that a town like Kilo has a real journalist in its midst, and when it does have it, ought to be proud and thankful; but right at first Kilo was more dazed and startled than anything else. I should say that Kilo, when it acquired the real journalist, was like a nice, motherly old cow that had gone out into the back pasture with the best and mildest intentions in the world to have an ordinary, gentle, woolly-legged calf, and then found, all of a sudden, that she had given birth to a wheelbarrow loaded with fireworks. Lighted fireworks at that; with pin-wheels, and Roman candles, and skyrocketes, and red and blue lights all going off at once. At first that cow would be surprised, then she would be pained and disappointed, and then she would probably get used to it. Next to a hen or the American Public the cow is the biggest fool on earth, and will get used to anything, even to a yellow journalist.

When Thomas Jefferson Jones sold

the Kilo Times he had been editing and publishing it and working the old Washington hand press for about ten years, and he had made it one of the most slow-going, respectable, dedicated weekly papers in Middle Iowa, one of the kind that, if he was sick some week, he could reprint week before last's paper and nobody would notice the difference; and Kilo had got used to that kind of paper and liked it.

But Davis was a different sort of man. He saw that the Times needed a little life put into it, and he put it in. On the paper for which Davis had been setting type before he came to Kilo, life meant red-ink headlines, and scandal and crime on the first page, and the very first number of the Times he got out had a "Wave of Crime" headline across the top of the first page in red, with subheads of "Kilo Police Rankly Inefficient" and "The Criminal Still at Large." That was the best he could do with the news at hand, which was that a chicken had

been stolen from Doc Weaver's hen coop, but he made up for it by a startling "Later" item at the bottom of the page, in double-spaced lines, telling that just as the Times was going to press it was learned that the chicken had not been stolen, but had been discovered by Mrs. Doc Weaver under the back porch, setting on eleven eggs.

Davis hadn't been publishing the Times more than a month and a half before he saw that it was going to strain him to keep up the speed he had set for himself. There wasn't enough doing in Kilo to keep up the journalistic ideal as he saw it. It was all right to have a "Wave of Contagion" when the two Mallory boys had the measles at the same time, but Kilo hardly knew what to make of a "Frightful Holocaust—Incendiarism Suspected," when S. Potts went to sleep in front of the Kilo Livery, Feed and Sale Stable and let his pipe set fire to a bale of hay, which was half consumed before anyone noticed it; and the whole town was puzzled and dazed when the Times came out with the roseate headlines, "Standard Oil Crushes Kilo Beneath Its Iron Heel!" and the only item under the headlines stated that Edmondson, the grocer, had received another barrel of kerosene from Jefferson, and that two or three pints of oil had leaked out as the barrel stood in the hot sun on the station platform. It was hard for Kilo to believe that this was trust robbery, but it tried to, because Davis said so. And it was harder for Davis to believe that this was real journalism, but he tried to do that, too.

The actual fact was that the men who had built Kilo had not built it properly for modern journalism. They had built it too small in proportion to the size of the headlines required. They had furnished only two hundred inhabitants, and Davis's headlines were a good fit for a town of two million. And another thing that the men who had built Kilo had forgotten was to put some devilment into the town. It irks a journalist to poke

around looking for a Tenderloin district and find only the Sewing Society, and to have to replace the daily murder sensation with the blood shed by Mrs. Doc Weaver on Saturday evening when she killed the Sunday chicken for the boarding house. It irked Davis, but the thing that annoyed him most was Old Billings. Davis was terribly disappointed in Old Billings.

The minute Davis stepped off the train when he came to Kilo he set his eyes on Old Billings, and gave him his proper news value. There was Old Billings, bunched up on an egg case against the side of the depot, right in the heat of the sun, with his hat slipped down onto the platform and his head rolling over one shoulder, and snoring like an automobile horn, with a grunt on the full blast and a tremolo on the in-take, and his face and nose as red as the side of the Kilo Livery, Feed and Sale Stable. Exactly at that moment Davis gave Old Billings his proper news value, and it was away up in his scale of values.

Nobody can deny that Old Billings looked drunk. If Mrs. Jarley had wanted to make a waxwork figure and had made one with a palpator inside of it to make the chest rise and fall, and a tooter to snore, and had called it "Sleeping off His Intoxication," she couldn't have done better than to copy Old Billings just as he looked when Davis stepped from the train. Old Billings was a perfect imitation of himself as he would have looked if he had been drunk, only he wasn't drunk, and never had been in his life. He was a teetotal, hard-shell, blue-ribbon, Iowa prohibitionist. I don't wonder it riled Davis.

News values were one of the things Davis was especially strong on. A man who is a modern journalist, with gallons of red ink and fourteen assorted founts of wooden scare-head type has to be strong on news values. Davis was. He could tell the news value of anything at the first glance. He could look at an egg and tell you in just what lay its news value; when

ther he would play it up for a column as a spoiled egg exemplifying the rise of crime in the agricultural districts as shown by the fraudulent attempts of Uncle Billy Briggs to palm off the egg on the public; or whether he would give it half a column as being a large egg and thus a proof that the Jefferson County hen was superior to the hens of the crowned heads of Europe; or whether he should give it two lines in the Local Column, merely mentioning it in a general way collectively, as "William Briggs was in our little burg yesterday and brought ten dozen eggs with him."

And it was the same with people. Davis could look at a man or woman once and give that person his or her news value, and he was proud of the faculty. So, as soon as he saw Old Billings asleep on the station platform, he gave him his news value; and it was a big one. He expected Old Billings to furnish a great many pages of scare heads during each year. Old Billings asleep there looked like "crime" and "debauchery" and "our dissipated leisure class" all in one, and Davis expected him to behave as such. And then Old Billings wouldn't! Not a crime, not a debauch, not a dissipation. The only thing he would do was to be a leisure class, and that wasn't worth much, for, as a usual thing, the benches in front of the Livery Stable and Edmondson's grocery, and the chairs in front of the Kilo Hotel, were crowded with leisure classes nearly all day long. It made Davis mad. He felt that Old Billings owed him something and was cheating him out of it.

After Davis had been publishing the Kilo Times a few months he began to look worried. The strain of getting up a red-type sensation for his first page every week in a town where nothing happened was beginning to tell on him, and all his efforts to do the modern journalistic thing had not boomed his circulation the way he had thought it would. The Times had had one hundred and six more

or less paying subscribers when Thomas Jefferson Jones sold out, and after several months of Davis it had one hundred and seven; but Davis learned that the new one was less paying than any of the others. Kilo did not appreciate red ink, and that worried Davis; and news was hard to get, and that worried him; and the advertisements were actually fewer in number than they had ever been, and that made him mad.

But the thing that he hated worst of all was that Old Billings hadn't lived up to his news value. It seemed to cast a slur on Davis's journalistic ability and pre-sight. Old Billings didn't do a thing that would look even plausibly like news in the Times. He never had done much in the news-making line except to be born, and he couldn't help that. The only other news he seemed liable to furnish was a death notice, and at the slow, easy-going rate he was living, it looked as though he would outlive Davis. Old Billings wasn't wasting any energy. He generally sat down in front of the hotel, or the grocery, or the livery stable, in the morning and sat there until noon; and then sat in front of the depot until supper, and after that he sat in front of the grocery, or the livery stable, or the hotel, until bedtime. It was not a wearing life; not the nervous prostration kind. Hardly anyone died of nervous prostration in Kilo, but it began to look as if Davis would; Old Billings wore on him so.

As the summer wore on Davis got worse and worse. He used to go around to the livery stable and take a chair near Old Billings and just sit and look at him, trying to study out some way to use him as a news item, but it never came to anything. There wasn't any news in Old Billings to get out, and Davis spent so much time that way that the Times began to go backward. Sometimes it would come out two weeks in succession without using the biggest type in the office, and once Davis was so discouraged that he just let the paper come out without any red ink on it at all,

and that was bad; for Kilo was beginning to get used to red ink and big type and when once your taste gets set that way you can't get along without it.

And then, just as Davis had about decided that his health was giving out entirely, his only compositor wandered out of town and never came back. For two weeks Davis struggled along weakly, trying to set type as well as hustle news and keep an eye on Old Billings; and the day he took to his bed, deciding that he was going to die of it all, Casey wandered into Kilo and hunted up the Times office—which wasn't very hard to find—and struck Davis for a job.

It was new life and ice cream for Davis, for Casey was one of his own kind, only more so. He was a modern journalist, too, but he was a few years in advance of Davis. He didn't take the news as he found it and swell it up big. If there wasn't any news, he made some. He belonged to that school of journalism, and it is a pretty good school to belong to in a town like Kilo. As soon as he heard about Old Billings, and how Davis had put his faith in him, and how Old Billings had betrayed that faith, he went out and had a look at Old Billings. He said afterwards that he didn't care much for his looks, and that if he had been looking for a man to put a news value on he would have put it on some one else; but that he had worked under many an editor and he knew they were all more or less crazy, and that Davis was boss. If Old Billings was the kind of man Davis had picked out as having a news value, the thing to do was not to complain, but to get the news out of Old Billings. Then he asked Davis about how high he had set Old Billings's news value, and when he heard he sat down and whistled one long whistle and scratched his head. It looked like a good deal of news to get out of Old Billings.

After Casey had sat a while, he got up and began nosing around the Times office, poking into corners and

opening closets, and finally he found the trapdoor that led into the cellar; and as soon as he found that he sauntered. He went down cellar and explored, and when he came up he was grinning. He knew how to get news out of Old Billings.

The next number of the Times had plenty of red ink, and the words at the top of the first page were "The Carnival!" It took Kilo by storm, and made more talk than anything since the Civil War. Kilo hadn't known there was going to be a carnival, but it was all set forth in the Times, so there could be no doubt about it. It was to be a merchants' carnival, a tremendous celebration in honor of Kilo's prosperity, and there were to be floats, the populace in costume, and decorated streets, and fireworks in the evening, and the day was to be the 1st of October. Casey wrote the whole thing, and had an Order of March for the parade, and the whole thing was as attractive as it could be in print. By the time the Times came out again, a week later, everyone was pretty well used to the idea, and Casey called it the Times' Carnival without anyone caring, and it brightened Davis up considerably to go around and talk the thing up with the merchants. Casey just took things easily. All he did was to sit around in front of the grocery, or the livery stable, or the hotel, and loaf; but he always happened to sit next to Old Billings.

"Have ye ever been to Paris, Mister Billings?" he said one day, when they were sitting together.

"Well, no, I ain't," admitted Old Billings, reluctantly. "I don't say but what I've thought some of travelin', but I ain't never seemed to find time, as you might say. Travellin' takes time."

"Now, but ain't that a pity!" said Casey. "I was hopin' ye had been. I was there once, when I was young, an' I was just wishin' you had been. Them French do be knowin' how to run a carnival better than what Davis does. I'm disappointed ye ain't seen a Paris carnival, Mister Billings. Ye

would be the kind of a man could tell Davis a thing or two about it."

"I guess maybe I could," said Old Billings, with satisfaction. "I got a remarkable men's for things. I remember in the fall of sixty-eight—"

"If ye had been to Paris," said Casey, "ye could tell Davis about that there confetti. An' ye would do so. No man that has been to Paris, like ye would have been, would forget to tell Davis about that there confetti. 'Twould be th' first thing ye would tell him about, wouldn't it now?"

"I guess I wouldn't let nothin' much stand in the way of my tellin' him," said Old Billings. "Don't ye reckon he knows about that there—that what-ye-may-call-it?"

"He do not!" said Casey, positively. "How should he, an' him never havin' been to Paris. I wager there be no one in Kilo but you an' me do know about it, Mister Billings. An' a grand sight it is, to be sure, to see the air full o' it, an' th' streets covered with it! Ah! 'tis a pity we are to have none of it here with the carnival an' all! Have ye ever been on th' boulevards in Paris come Mardi Gras? but, no! I remind me ye say ye have not! Confetti! 'Tis nothin' but confetti, an' 'tis plenty of carnival with nothin' else but confetti. I would not give a dang for a carnival without confetti, Mr. Billings, would you?"

"Dog me, if I would!" said Old Billings. "I'm s'pised Davis ain't thought on it afore now."

Casey waved his hand in the air to dismiss Davis from consideration.

"Ye know what he is like!" he said. "Thinkin' of nothin' but thim red headlines o' his. I wisht—I wisht—"

He passed wistfully on the word, and then his face brightened and he turned to Old Billings and lowered his voice to a whisper.

"An' why not have confetti?" he exclaimed. "There would be good money in it for some one, Mr. Billings, if they had a monopoly of th' confetti business for th' Kilo carnival! Th' people would be after goin' crazy over it, they would take it so. Ten

cents a bag we could get for it, an' to think it costs nothin' to make! But, no!" he said; "I have not th' time t' make it."

Old Billings moved restlessly on his chair.

"'Twould do no good t' have a wee bit of it," said Casey, sadly. "We would be all sold out of it before th' middle of th' day. 'Twould take tons of it, th' people would be so crazy to get it. 'Tis no use thinkin' of it. Let it go!"

"Seems like a pity not to make money when there is a chanst to," said Old Billings, nervously. "Mightn't—mightn't I make some confetti, Mr. Casey?"

"An' listen to that, now!" exclaimed Casey, joyfully. "Sure, it takes you t' think of things, Mr. Billings! But, no!" he said, dropping into sadness as suddenly as he had been roused to joy, "'tis not t' be thought of. Ye would get tired before th' job was half done, Mr. Billings. It takes a lot o' confetti t' make enough for a carnival, an' too, little is worse than none at all. Ye would tire out before ye made enough, Mr. Billings. Let it go!"

"I wouldn't tire out," said Old Billings, eagerly. "Makin' confetti ain't no harder than sawin' wood, is it? I used t' be a fine wood-sawer when I was young. I hadn't my beat at sawin' wood, them days."

He waited restlessly for Casey's reply, and Casey sat rubbing one ear and apparently thinking deeply.

"If I thought ye could stick to th' job—" he said at length.

"I'd stick!" said Old Billings. "I swan, I'd stick, Dog me if I wouldn't! What—what might this here confetti be like?"

"Snow," said Casey. "It's like paper snow, an' when ye're havin' a carnival ye throw it at each other 'till th' streets is full of it. That's th' beauty of havin' th' monopoly of th' confetti business, Mr. Billings. Ye can make it of nawthin' more expensive than old waste paper, an' th' pro-

fit is all profit. 'Tis a grand business for th' likes of us."

"I can tear up paper as well as another man," began Old Billings, but Casey stopped him.

"Tear it!" he exclaimed, "An' who ever heard of torn-up confetti? 'Twould be again th' law, Mr. Billings. Would th' law be allowin' ye t' throw around torn paper, with th' sharp corners of it gettin' into everybody's eye, an' mebbey puttin' out a hundred eyes or so? No, indeed! 'Tis round th' confetti has to be; each confetti as big around as th' blunt end of a lead pencil. 'Twould never do t' tear it; 'twould have t' be cut."

"And what would I cut it with?" asked Old Billings.

"Scissors," said Casey. "But 'twould be no expense, for we have two pair in th' Times office, an' I could sneak ye one pair when Davis wasn't lookin'. Ye have fine long fingers t' work a pair of shears with, Mr. Billings!"

Old Billings worked his rheumatic fingers open and shut, and looked at them with more pride than he had ever imagined they could give him.

"I could cut out a lot of confetti, if so be I had time enough and paper," he said wistfully. "I wisht you'd let me try it, Mr. Casey."

"If I was t' git a room for a factory now," said Casey, meditatively, "I might git ahold of some young feller that would be willin' t' go into th' factory an' stay 'till I had enough confetti. I wouldn't want word of what I was doin' to get out 'till I had enough confetti made to do for th' whole carnival. An' a young feller I could lock in an' hand him in his meals. 'Twould be a fine job for some young feller, nothin' to do but sit easy all day an' shear out confetti an' have his meals handed right in to him, an' him gettin' half of th' profit when we sold th' stuff. Ye don't know any young feller like that, do ye, Mr. Billings, that I could get hold of quick?"

Old Billings worked his fingers spryly open and shut in front of Casey's face.

"There ain't no young feller in Kilo got sich long fingers as them," he said, braggingly, "ner no young feller ain't goin' t' have th' patience what I've got. A young feller's always wantin' t' move round, an' I ain't. Sittin' still's one of my strong points. You'd ought to take me as pardner in this here confetti business, Mr. Casey."

"Well," said Casey, reluctantly. "I ain't askin' ye t' go into it, an' I ain't coxin' ye, an' if ye go into it ye'll have t' be locked in like I would lock in a young feller."

"I ain't askin' nothin' better!" declared Old Billings.

"Well, don't say nothin' about it," said Casey, "an' come 'round to th' Times office this evenin' after supper, an' we'll get t' work at it."

That was Tuesday, and the Times came out every Thursday, and the very next Thursday Old Billings began to live up to his news value. Tuesday night Casey met Old Billings alone at the Times office, and Thursday morning the Times came out with superb red headlines on the first page. It was a "Mysterious Disappearance" of the most thrilling kind, and Davis was in his glory. He shook hands with Casey a dozen times on Wednesday between his visits to the usual sitting places of Old Billings, and thanked him for drawing his attention to Old Billings' absence from the well-worn public benches and chairs. He told Casey privately that he did not really believe Old Billings had disappeared to any great extent. He said he guessed that Old Billings had got the fishing fever and had gone to the river after bass, but that he was good for a scare-head in Thursday's paper anyway. And all the time Old Billings was down collar with a kerosene lamp and a pair of office shears fourteen inches long and weighing about a pound, cutting out confetti the size of the end of a lead pencil. He cut nearly a cigar box full Wednesday.

Thursday morning Kilo read the Times and sniffed disdainfully about the mysterious disappearance of Old

Billings, and then went down to the grocery to talk it over with him, but he wasn't there! Kilo was surprised, but not half so surprised as Davis was. He couldn't make it out. He had been printing big headlines over unimportant news so long that he could hardly believe that Old Billings wasn't lurking around somewhere, sort of playing a joke on him, making the news look true. But Old Billings wasn't. He was down cellar cutting out confetti, and getting mighty tired of the job. He didn't have the right kind of shears nor the right kind of fingers to cut out confetti the size of a lead pencil end, and he was getting madder and madder. He didn't see why confetti had to be so small anyway, and by noon Thursday he decided he had misunderstood Casey, and he increased the size a little. He made it the size of a dime. And about the time Davis was really getting excited over the disappearance of Old Billings and taking it seriously, Old Billings decided that, while confetti the size of a dime might do for Paris, what was wanted for America was a generous confetti the size of a silver dollar. He felt that it would be mean to disappoint the public by giving them stinky, little bits when they might be wanting large, round ones; so he made them that way. He felt that if anyone had depraved Parisian taste and wanted the small kind, it would be easier for them to cut it down to suit than it would be for the others to paste the little ones together if they wanted big ones.

When Casey went down cellar with Old Billings' dinner at noon the old man had grown so generous that his confetti was the size of a saucer but the food cheered him up a little and he reduced the size to the dimensions of a hunting-case watch, men's size.

Friday morning Davis was in his glory, and said that if Old Billings did not show up by the next morning he would actually get out an extra, and Kilo was in good state to receive one, for Old Billings was still absent.

The town began to believe he was actually lost, and while the people were telling one another what a good man Old Billings really was, the old man was casing confetti harder and harder, and getting madder and madder. The inside of his thumb was all one big blister, and he had cut out tang circles and was cutting irregular shapes.

Saturday was a hard day for Casey. He had to run off the extra on the hand press, and Old Billings was grumbling so hard that he had to sing Rory O'Moore at the top of his voice all day. Davis thought it was pure happiness because the Times had such good news, but it wasn't; and Casey was never so glad in his life as when he shut up the office Saturday night. He had sung himself so hoarse that he could hardly speak, and he saw that he would have to do something to cheer up Old Billings, so he went down cellar and told him that it was all foolishness to think that a little dab of paper would hurt anybody's eyes, that the point of a tiny bit of square-toen old newspaper would strike the tenderest eye more like a caress than like an injury, and that Old Billings had better give up shearing confetti, and tear it.

So Old Billings started in to tear, and he tore hopefully all day Sunday. It was really amazing how much he could tear when he hadn't anything to distract his mind. By evening he had the floor of the whole bare space in the cellar ankle deep in confetti, and it cheered him on to see how well he was getting along. He was as proud of it as if it were money, and every little while he would take a handful and throw it in the air to see how it worked. It worked fine. He had plenty of material to work on, for one end of the cellar was piled with old exchanges that Thomas Jefferson Jones had put there, and that had been added to by Davis; and Old Billings didn't care which he made confetti of first. He would stick in his hand and pull out a Chicago Tribune and in a minute it would be confetti, and then

he would grab up a Washington (Iowa) Democrat, and in a minute that would be confetti, too; and then, maybe, he would rip up a consular report, and a Muscatine News-Tribune, and a stray copy of a New York colored supplement, and follow that with a Kalona News and a patent medicine almanac. They all made good, fluffy confetti.

It was warm work, even if the cellar was cooler than out doors, and Old Billings had shed his coat right at the start; and about Tuesday, as Old Billings did not seem to need it, Casey just took it out of his way and, after supper, walked out to the river—three miles—and sort of draped it over the edge of the river. Davis found it there, all right! And Casey saw that he found it early enough Wednesday morning to work up a good article for the Thursday Times.

It was right then that Kilo really began to worry about Old Billings. The men of the town held a meeting and went in a body to drag the river, with Davis along to show the spot where the coat had been found and to take notes. They dragged the river well, and got out every old bait can that had been chucked into it in the last seven years, and it was a wonder they didn't drag out Old Billings. They would have dragged him out if he hadn't been in the cellar of the Times building, wading around knee deep in confetti. But it made a good extra for the Times, and by the time Old Billings was thigh deep in torn-up exchanges, Kilo was reading the list of the men who had dragged the river, and the biography of Old Billings, and the full account of the dragging of the river. Casey was so proud of it that he took Old Billings's vest.

You can do a good deal with a vest if you know how, and have had a thorough, modern journalistic education, and can pick up a stray chicken that needs its head chopped off for the good of the public. There is enough blood in a chicken to make a strong agile murder mystery if it is

applied in the right way; and the way Casey had Davis organize the search party to scour the woods on the other side of the river from where the coat had been found did credit to his training. Kilo had not been mentioned in the big city papers since the cyclone of '98, but the day after Old Billings's vest was found, people all over the United States were reading of Kilo's murder mystery, and was it murder or suicide!

Kilo was prouder than a peacock of her murder mystery, and especially so when the county sheriff came down from Jefferson and joined in the hunt for the remains of Old Billings; and Davis was like a new man. He hardly had time to eat. He ran around town and discovered clues everywhere, and Casey worked so hard turning out extra editions of the Times that he scarcely had time to feed Old Billings properly. He spent all his time between the press and the cellar, for the old man was getting restless again. He had torn up so much paper that he was up to his arms in it, and he told Casey that he didn't want to seem lazy about making confetti, but that from what he knew of Kilo he judged he had about all the confetti the town would need for a one-day carnival, and that if he tore up much more he would be swamped and would likely drown in confetti. He became quite ugly about it, so Casey suggested to Davis that he had got about the full news value out of Old Billings, and it would be a good thing to let him drop now, and try some other sensation.

But Davis knew better. He was right in the heart of the mystery, and he wasn't going to give up while a mystery was still mysterious; so Casey had to go down cellar and try to start Old Billings going again. It was hard work. Old Billings said he had used up the whole pile of exchanges, and he thought that was more than any young fellow could have done. He said he wanted to make some money out of the confetti monopoly so long as he was in it, but he didn't want to

overstock the market and cause a fall in prices. But Casey sniffed contemptuously at the pile of confetti, and said that when the cellar was full up to Old Billings's neck they could begin to talk about having enough, and then he went up and carried down a lot of exchanges that had been accumulated in the office, and told Old Billings to get to work.

Old Billings sat on the table growling to himself for a while after Casey went upstairs, and then he took up one of the papers, and the headlines looked at him. He did not have to look at them, for they were Davis' Times headlines, and they fairly yelled at Old Billings that Old Billings was murdered, and that he was the prize mystery of the century. He could hardly believe it, even if it was in print, but he dug out other papers, and he found that he was a murder mystery all over the state, and in some of the big cities, too. Then he had to believe it, and it made him mad. He knew he wasn't murdered. Even if the Chicago papers said so, he knew it was false.

Old Billings thought it over for a few minutes and then he climbed as far up the cellar stairs as he could and pounded on the underside of the trapdoor with the shears. Casey let the press stop and came down. He saw at once what was the matter and what a mistake he had made in not censoring the exchanges before he had handed them to Old Billings.

"Sure!" he said, when Old Billings had thrust the paper at him. "I know that. But what the complaint we have to make is, I don't see, Mr. Billings. You know how the Times is—always printin' things that ain't so, an' when th' time comes 'twill be easy enough to prove ye ain't murdered. Just rest easy, Mr. Billings, an' keep on makin' confetti for three or four weeks yet, an' 'twill be all right."

"Dog me, if I do!" declared Old Billings, crowding on onto the cellar steps beside Casey. "I ain't agoin' to stay down in this here cellar no other hour, an' everybody sayin' I'm murdered. It ain't right, an' I won't

do it. It ain't no fun down here. There ain't nobody to talk to, nor no excitement. Here I be for weeks like, shut up down here, an' not knowin' about all the excitement goin' on in town, when all the time I might have been up there hearin' all about it. It ain't fair."

"If ye was up there, there wouldn't be any excitement," said Casey. "Ye can't be murdered an' stand 'round listenin' to how ye was murdered at the same time, Mr. Billings. If ye hadn't been down here ye wouldn't have been murdered up there, an' as long as ye are in good health ye oughtn't to complain. Be a good feller and make some more confetti."

Old Billings looked down at the sea of confetti below him and shook his head decidedly. He never wanted to tear another piece of paper as long as he lived.

"I'm a goin' out," he said.

Casey sat down on the stairs and looked at Old Billings sadly. "An' spoil th' monopoly!" he said. "Go on out then, an' have everybody know about confetti, an' have every livin' soul in Kilo start to make their own before night! Go on, Mr. Billings! An' to th' dickens with our profits!"

"I'm goin' out," repeated Old Billings, doggedly.

"Go on out then!" urged Casey. "An' in half an hour them sheriffs an' marshals an' all will find out where ye have been, an' ye will be th' joke of th' town an' laughed at an' no mystery at all, an' our confetti monopoly all gone t' smash. I didn't think it of ye, Mr. Billings. 'Tis not what I would do."

"I'm agoin' out," reiterated Old Billings.

"An' you just gittin' t' have the finest news value of any man in Kilo!" exclaimed Casey, disgustedly. "Is that th' way ye do, when ye could go out just as ye wish an' still have them look on ye with wonder an' awe, an' not spoil th' confetti monopoly?"

"I want to go out," said Old Billings.

"An' where will ye say ye have been all this time? In Davis's cellar tearin' up confetti. An' so would I, Mr. Billings, if I was in yer place, but I would not say it that way. I would let them find me in th' cellar, an' not a word would I say about confetti. 'Sure,' I would say, 'is this me or not me? Am I Old Billings, or am I a rat?' Then they all looks surprised and interested. 'A rat?' they says, 'Yes,' ye say, 'am I a rat, or ain't I?' The last I remember I was a rat, an' then they points to th' paper ye have torn up an' they say, 'sure, he thinks he is a rat!' 'Tis a wonderful upsettin' of th' mind be has had. Some one must have took him out in th' woods and soaked him in th' head an' upset his mind for a spell.' Ye would be havin' a full page or two in th' Times about it," said Casey, enthusiastically, "an' no one would guess this was confetti at all. We could hold onto th' monopoly."

"I won't be a rat," said Old Billings grumpily.

"Well, then," said Casey, coaxingly, "be a squirrel. A squirrel is a pretty animal. Ye ought t' like t' be one, Mr. Billings."

"I won't be a squirrel," said Old Billings.

"Then will ye be a nice little bird, making a pretty nest in th' cellar. Be

a canary bird, Mr. Billings," coaxed Casey.

"I will be nothing!" declared Old Billings. "I will be nothing but what I am, and be doing nothing but making confetti."

For a minute Casey considered.

"Well, go on, then," he said, standing aside to let Old Billings out. "I'm thinkin' they will think ye a crazy one way as the other. From what I have seen of Kilo, by th' time ye explain t' them what confetti might be, an' how ye expect t' make money by sellin' folks bits o' torn-up paper, an' how ye was willin' t' stay down cellar tearin' paper by th' light of a lamp week in an' week out, I guess they'll think ye are crazy enough."

That night Davis sat alone in his office with his head in his hands and a frown on his brow. He was deeply worried. He could not decide which headlines to run in red at the top of the next day's issue of the Times, whether to run "Strange Aberration" or "The Lost Return." Then suddenly he smiled and scribbled across the pad before him the huge words "Mysterious Disappearance." For Casey had left Kilo suddenly, and without stopping to say good-by, or to pay his board-bill at the Kilo Hotel.

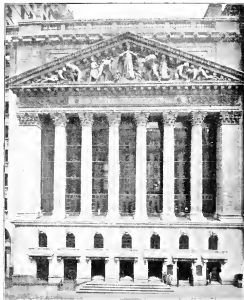
Cultivate Habits, Not Maxims

By Henri Frederic Amiel

In the conduct of life, habits are of greater importance than maxims, because habit is a living maxim that has become flesh and instinct. To remodel one's maxims means nothing. This is only to alter the title of the book. But to acquire new habits is everything, for it is to grasp the meaning of life which is only a tissue of habits.

Speculation and Investment

By FRANK FAYANT
From Moody's Magazine



NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
The Centre of America's Financial Activity

HE WHO goes to Wall Street goes to buy an income or to speculate, and if he seeks a larger income than the minimum interest rate his income-purchase becomes in itself speculative.

"I never speculate in Wall Street," says a merchant, "I only buy outright for investment."

The fallacy that investment and speculation may be divorced is common. The merchant who thinks he doesn't speculate may buy railroad shares, like Erie or Rock Island, that pay no dividends. This is a hazardous speculation, whether the shares are paid for in full or carried on margin. The purchase of seasoned dividend shares is a speculation, for their dividend rates may advance or decline and their market prices may vary widely in periods of boom or panic. Even the purchase of high-grade bonds is a speculation.

Take the extreme case of the purchase for \$1,000 of a \$1,000 highest grade $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. railroad gold bond maturing in ten years, the investor being assured that he will have no use for the principal until the maturity of the bond. Every year he will receive an income of \$35 and at the end of ten years the company will repay him the \$1,000 gold. There appears to be very little speculation here. But suppose that in these ten years, by reason of increased production gold declines and the things that gold buys advance. When the bondholder gets back his \$1,000 gold he finds that it will buy less food, fewer

clothes and less comfortable shelter than when he bought the bond. He is, therefore, relatively poorer. In the meantime the railroad company shares in the general prosperity and increases its dividends to shareholders. Its stocks rise in price. The bond buyer finds he has been speculating in gold.

To put money into good railroad bonds at the beginning of this era of prosperity was a poor speculation; to buy railroad stocks was a good speculation. Ten years ago Chicago & North Western securities were all of the highest grade. The stock, paying 5 per cent., advanced from \$85 to \$143, netting only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the investment at the top. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. general mortgage bonds of 1897 ranged from \$900 to \$1,000, netting about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. also. But the investor who bought North Western bonds at their lowest price ten years ago has not fared nearly as well as the investor who bought the stock at the top. The bonds in 1908 ranged from \$900 to \$950, an average decline of \$75 a bond. The stock, now paying 7 per cent., ranged in 1908 from \$135 to \$185, and its extreme range in the ten years has been \$126-\$270. The investor who bought North Western stock in preference to the bonds ten years ago has received twice as large an income on his money, and has had abundant opportunity to realize on his purchase at a profit of from 50 to 100 per cent.

North Western was a high grade investment stock ten years ago. But many of the leading railroad stocks

of to-day, like Atchison, Union Pacific, Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific, were considered almost worthless ten years ago. The investors who bought the stock of these roads in preference to their bonds, thus speculating on the growth of the West, have made enormous profits. There is Union Pacific. Its first mortgage 4 per cents, sold then above par, and they sold a few months ago \$120 below their average price ten years ago. But the common stock, which paid no dividend and ranged from \$16 to \$42 then, now pays 10 per cent., and in 1908 ranged from \$110-\$185.

A study of railroad securities in our ten years of prosperity shows that gilt-edge bonds have gradually declined in price, while common stocks have risen enormously. The profits have accrued to the speculators in the stocks—whether they bought one share outright or carried a thousand shares on margin.

Speculation has an evil sound to many good folks' ears. It at once suggests the bucket-shop and the hazardous trading in securities on slender margins. But all business is speculation, and if the American people for the past hundred years had put their money only into gilt-edge investments we would still be reading by candle-light and riding in stage coaches. England became the greatest commercial nation in the world because Englishmen were big speculators. Now we are out-speculating the English and becoming a greater commercial power.

Speculation and industrial progress go hand in hand. It was a hazardous speculation that built the first railroad across the Rockies; it was a still more hazardous speculation that rescued the property from bankruptcy. In the 90's, when the pessimists thought the country was going to the demnation bow-wows, a fox-eyed speculator went from banker to banker in Wall Street, saying, "Here's the bankrupt Union Pacific selling for \$3 a share; let's buy up the stock, assess

ourselves \$15 a share and make a railroad out of it"—the conservative old bankers threw up their hands in amazement. They wouldn't embark on such hazardous speculation. But Harriman persisted, found men who were willing to join him in the speculation, and we all now marvel at the result. Without speculators like Harriman and Hill the railroads beyond the Mississippi would still be "streaks of rust"—if there were any railroads at all.

But because speculation is the leaven of industrial progress, it doesn't follow that every man with a few dollars in his pocket should plunge into wild speculation—whether it is buying building lots, eggs or railroad shares. Speculation, especially our modern system of margin speculation, is a highly useful factor in our industrial life, but trading on margin is a hazardous undertaking, and nine-tenths of the players lose. The trouble with the average American is that he wants to make too much money in too short a time. He knows that, with luck, he can make a great deal of money in Wall Street on a small capital, and in his greed for fortune he takes extravagant risks. It is because he takes such chances that he usually loses. Any candid Wall Street broker will tell you that the habitual margin speculators lose year in and year out.

Money may be made in Wall Street, just as it may be made in merchandizing or manufacture or agriculture or mining—by the exercise of ordinary business common sense. "The men who have made the big fortunes in America," said Mr. Morgan, the other day, "are those who have been bulls on the country." One of the Standard Oil capitalists said some time ago, "A man who hasn't made a fortune in America in the past ten years can't blame the country." In this period railroad dividends have increased 250 per cent., steel production 240 per cent., bank deposits 160 per cent.—our industrial progress has been astounding. And the men who have

made fortunes have been those who have believed in the country year in and year out.

The conservative investor, with a surplus that he can spare for speculation, has more than a reasonable chance of making a profit by buying good stock in panic periods and selling them in boom times. This may take him to Wall Street only once in a year or two, but he will make a good deal more money than the man who goes there every day.

The public is credulous about money making. It always has been. And this credulity is born in cupidity. It's the desire to acquire money easily and quickly that leads the public into absurd speculative ventures, and that provides a never-ending harvest for the unscrupulous and reckless promoters. The tulip craze in Holland in the 17th century, the South Sea Bubble in England and John Law's wonderful bank in France in the 18th century, our own extravagant railroad ventures after the Civil War—all grew out of this over-mastering desire for wealth.

There never has been a time when a smooth-tongued financial adventurer—honest enthusiast or scheming fakir—couldn't stand on the street corner and tempt the coin of the realm out of the pockets of the credulous.

The country merchant, who thinks he is mighty lucky to make \$1,000 earn \$10 a year in a home investment, sends his money away to some clever advertiser who promises to make his \$1,000 earn in a year from \$1,000 to \$10,000. This is happening every day, and there is no way to prevent it. Men who know that two plus two equals four will put their money knowingly into a fraud or a bubble on the chance that they will pull out ahead of the victims. The other day the manager of a Wall Street brokerage house received an order from a customer to buy 1,000 shares of an extravagantly advertised mining stock.

"Why, that's a fraud promoted by an ex-convict," protested the broker,

"and I refuse to buy the stock for you."

"Oh, I know all about it. It's a plain swindle. But the gang behind it is going to put it up to catch the suckers. I don't see why I shouldn't get some of the money—"

"Of the suckers?"

"Well, you buy me 1,000 shares."

The broker reluctantly bought the stock for \$1,400. The next day the stock couldn't be sold for \$700, for the manufactured market suddenly collapsed.

Several years ago a well-known circus-poster advertising promoter announced over his signature that the investment of \$1,000 in a new copper stock would make a profit of \$10,000 to \$15,000 in a few days, or 1,000 to 1,500 per cent. Seven days later subscriptions to the stock to the amount of \$6,000,000 in cash had accumulated in New York's biggest bank—an astounding response from a credulous public. We all know that the public didn't make from \$6,000,000 to \$90,000,000 on its investment in a few days. Instead it soon faced a loss of nearly \$5,000,000, and in four years the market value of the stock showed a loss of all of its original investment of \$6,000,000 and more than \$10,000,000 besides.

But this same circus-poster enthusiast has repeatedly painted wonderful pictures for the credulous of the easy road to sudden wealth, and the public has always paid for the pictures at fancy prices. Several months ago he invited the public to join him in a discretionary speculation pool, promising that he could make 300 per cent. a year on a capital of \$1,000,000. He predicted that a \$20,000 investment in the shares of the venture would be worth \$100,000 within four months; instead, the market value of the investment declined to \$8,000.

If this particular venture collapses absolutely, and the shares that recently sold around \$2 go begging again at a few cents, will it be a bar to the

repetition of a similar venture by the same enthusiasts, with another harvest from the credulous? Not at all. The farmer reads in his weekly paper how the three-shelf fellows cleaned out the credulous in a neighboring county fair, and then goes to his own county fair and tries to beat the game. He knows the game is crooked, but his cupidity stirs him to think that he can beat it.

Some years ago in Chicago a great discretionary pool swindle took hundreds of thousands of dollars out of the credulous before it collapsed. The same gang repeated the operation on a bigger scale in New York several years later. The swindlers were exposed and some went to prison. Three years later they started out again and took two millions more from the same gullible public. The gang's stool pigeon promised to pay 500 per cent. a year, and he did pay weekly dividends at this rate (out of the victims' money, of course) until the police raided his shop in Brooklyn. The same swindle, were it started again, would be just as profitable to its organizers.

In every industrial boom a horde of wildcat promoters invades the market place and offers its wares to the credulous through circus-poster newspaper advertising. The records show that there is not one chance in a hundred of one of these Sunday-advertised ventures becoming a sound business enterprise, and not one chance in a thousand of one of them being the bonanza that they are all painted. In the industrial boom following the flotation of the Steel Corporation, 150 companies offered their shares to the public through a single New York newspaper in a year. Three years later an investigation showed that nearly all of these companies were dead and that not one was earning anything for its shareholders. A mining engineer recently investigated all of the companies brought out in the past ten years through flamboyant newspaper advertising and found only three on a healthy dividend basis. But in the next industrial boom the wildcat promoters will reap the usual har-

vest from the gullible. As the fakirs themselves say, "there's always a new crop of suckers."

Mr. Barnum said, "The American people like to be humbugged," and nowhere is the truth of this better illustrated than in the market place.

But there is another side to it. The small investors are not nearly so foolish in their real investments as their absurd chasing after bubbles would indicate. The public in the past few years, largely as a result of the widespread interest in American business affairs, has shown an intelligence in its investments that has surprised the old timers in Wall Street. The Wall Street aphorism, "the public buys at the top and sells at the bottom," is probably still true in a large measure of the public's margin speculation, but it is not true of its investments.

"The public invests at the bottom and sells at the top"—and the records of the past four years, more especially of the past two, show this in a remarkable degree. When railroad shares were pushed to the highest prices in their history of the Harriman bull market of 1905, the talk of the Street was that "the insiders were unloading on the public," and when the crash came in 1907, with terrific losses in market prices, every so-called looker-on thought he saw a cruel shaking-out of the public, with bargains falling into the laps of the big speculators.

What happened was just the other thing. When prices were in the skies in the fall and early winter of 1905 the public was selling out on Wall Street, and the public never came back to reinvest its gains until the panic hit the market and soiled the big speculators' loads out on the bargain table. In the great advance in prices from the spring of 1904 to the winter of 1905-6 the public sold many millions of dollars of securities to speculators in Wall Street, because investors found that stocks were selling so high that their income return was less than savings bank interest rates. In the first collapse in the bull market early in 1907

investors began reinvesting their savings in good railroads and industrials, and when the bank panic in October drove prices to the lowest in years, a flood of investment buying resulted. In two years not less than 400,000 new names were enrolled on the stock books of the railroad and industrial corporations listed on the Stock Exchange. A dozen of the biggest corporations gained 100,000 shareholders.

Great Northern, when it was selling at a fancy figure late in 1905, had only 2,700 shareholders. The long decline in 1907 attracted 4,000 new shareholders up to the week of the bank panic, and in the months of depressed prices following the panic 7,500 more bargain-hunters came to Wall Street to buy "Jim" Hill's stock, with the result that Great Northern now has five times as many shareholders as it had two years ago. The public similarly unloaded its Reading shares on Wall Street in a bull market and bought them back in the panic. Before the bull market collapsed the holders of Reading common numbered only 1,700. During

the bear market 1,000 new investors bought the shares, and in the panic the list rose to 4,300. When Wall Street began bulling Reading again last summer the shareholders took their profits, and early this winter, when Reading had doubled its panic price, the number of shareholders had declined to 3,000. For years the list of Pennsylvania Railroad shareholders has risen in bear markets and declined in bull markets. The common gained nearly 20,000 shareholders in the bear market of 1907, and since then the list has been gradually declining with the recovery in the price of the stock.

The great recovery in security prices since the panic, while helped along by manipulation, has been built on the solid foundation of the public's investment of several hundred million dollars in Wall Street at the bargain prices from March, 1907, to March, 1908. When the speculators boom the market to the skies again, the public will convert its stocks into cash and await the inevitable collapse.

The lambs are learning.

The development of one's personality cannot be accomplished in isolation or solitude; the process involves close and enduring association with one's fellows. If work were purely a matter of mechanical skill, each worker might have his cell and perform his task, as in a prison. But work involves the entire personality, and the personality finds its complete unfolding, not in detachment, but in association.

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

The Ethics of Advertising

By **WALTER WILLIAMS**
From *Judicious Advertising*

CONFIDENCE is of cash value in advertising. The advertisement which wins the reader is the advertisement which convinces him of its dependability. Confidence is basic in all commercial transactions. Surely it is fundamental in advertising. We must believe before we will buy. Herein lies the cash worth of confidence in advertising. Dependability is not merely desirable from an ethical viewpoint. It is necessary from a commercial standpoint. This is the plane upon which may first be pitched the argument for the ethics of the advertising. It is a low plane, however, albeit it is the plane of money-getting. The contention for conscience in advertising may not rest here. There are other and higher grounds. Ethical obligation is upon the promoter of publicity, the seller of advertising space and the user of the space. The ad-writer is not beyond the boundaries that were set by the Decalogue.

The line between the permissible and the non-permissible in advertising is not easily drawn. Certain advertising, however, is clearly non-permissible. It requires no high ethical standard to rule out the advertising of that which is contrary to law. It does not require argument to prevent the advertising in reputable journals and by reputable advertisers of burglar's tools or counterfeit money. The law, which is crystallized public opinion made into statute, settles this. But the law or even public opinion is not thus clear in its condemnation of the advertising of fakes and frauds. Here each

man must decide for himself. Here the question of ethics, uninfluenced by statute or popular verdict, enters.

The principles of ethics which govern in advertising differ in no particular from those which govern in any other transaction between man and man. It is no more allowable to be guilty of falsehood in the writing of advertising or the publishing of advertising than it is to be guilty of falsehood in private conversation. Nay, not so much so. The man who speaks to hundreds or thousands has resting upon him more serious obligations to tell the truth than has the man who speaks only to a few. It is the veriest truism that an advertisement should tell the truth. Yet, unfortunately, there are advertisers who, shielding themselves behind advertising columns, apparently hold the opinion that advertising that deceives is not discreditible to the man who writes it, publishes it, or pays for it. It is discreditible if it deceives and so amount of temporary profit—for it cannot bring permanent profit—will obscure the discredit.

Deception has no place in rightly-considered advertising. The simplest, most straight-forward conversation is most convincing. Advertising is merely the multiplied speech of the advertiser. Deception is no less detestable because shouted from the housetop or skillfully concealed in gothic type and prize verse. If the art or science of advertising have an alphabet, it surely begins with A for Accuracy and B for Believable and C for Conscientiousness. There is no Deception in it.



TRAIN-FERRY MILANO
Plying between San Francisco and Oakland

Across the Sea by Train

By **ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS**
From *Pearson's Magazine*

THE changing from train to steamer and from steamer back to train undoubtedly deters many people from undertaking a journey that, as regards mere mileage, is not the least bit formidable. Could one but stick to the same corner in the same carriage from start to finish, unworried and unhurried, Paris and London would know each other even better than they do.

As the crow flies, Berlin is almost exactly the same distance from Copenhagen that London is from Paris, and there lies on the direct line a sea-stretch somewhat wider than the Straits of Dover. But the journey from one capital to the other is in this case quite easy and comfortable. You take your ticket at Berlin, board an express, and are whirled northwards to Warnemünde, on the Mecklenburg coast. If traveling by a day train, you arrive there about one

o'clock in the afternoon. There is no need to disturb oneself. The locomotive is uncoupled, and another pushes the train over a bridge on to the deck of a steamer that has been waiting for it. This train-ferry is one of four which ply regularly between Warnemünde and Gjedser at the south end of the Island of Lolland, twenty-six miles away.

The moment the train is aboard, hinged buffers are placed behind the last car, and as without delay the vessel steams out of its berth, the deck hands close the hinged doors at the stern through which the train entered, and make the cars fast to the rails with hooks and jacks, so that they shall not rock on their springs.

The carriage doors are now unlocked, and you may promenade on the deck above, go to the saloon for a meal, or smoke and read the papers. The customs officials examine the



TRAILFERRY ONTARIO NO. 1

Which crosses Lake Ontario daily from Cobourg to Chatham

luggage during the voyage, and have it back in the vans long before land is reached.

In less than two hours—our boat is a good traveler—we approach Gjedser. While we resume our seats in the carriages, the bulwarks of the bows are raised bodily on hinges till they stand up like a great arch over the deck. The ferry slows down and is cleverly manoeuvred into a berth of masonry lined with wooden piles to fit the ship, which gently bumps herself to rest against them. Hardly is she made fast when a steel bridge, one hundred feet or so long, attached at one end to the quay, begins to sink on to the bows, to which it is ultimately secured by a huge steel bolt, that keeps the deck rails and bridge rails in exact line. The carriage wheels are already unblocked, and soon our train is steaming northwards along a narrow promontory.

At Orehoved, in the north of Laland, we have to take to a second ferry, which transports us across the narrow arm of the sea to Malmoe. In Sweden, whence we have an unobstructed run to the Danish capital. Even there we need not stop, as a third ferry flies northward to Malmoe, in Sweden, to make connection with the Scandinavian railway systems.



THE FRIEDRICH FRANK

One of four ferries which ply daily between Germany and Denmark



TRAIN FERRY ROUTES ON LAKE MICHIGAN

On Lake Michigan, in America, train-ferries ply regularly, despite storms as violent as those which vex the Channel, and fogs of great density. Furthermore, they do not fear to face the thick ice which in winter covers this fresh-water lake, for they have bows specially strengthened and shaped to attack and crush their way through ice several feet thick, and sturdy propellers which will thrash any ice they encounter into splinters. Some of the boats are constructed with a propeller in the bows to suck water from under the ice and weaken it. The *Pere Marquette*, one of the largest boats, crashes her way through 14-inch ice at a speed of ten miles an hour. The *Ermack*, the famous Russian ice-breaker, attacks pack-ice 20 feet thick with success, charging it again and again until it goes to pieces.

The captain, or ice-master, has to exercise considerable care in cutting out another vessel. If he brings his boat too close, the ice may suddenly

"up-end" between the vessels and allow them to fall together violently. In a fog it becomes an operation that requires good nerves and quick decision. The secret of the ice-breaker's success is largely one of design. The spoon-shaped bows have vertical curves which allow them to mount the ice easily when it proves obstinate and attack it in the most effective direction—downwards. When the vessel has climbed out and up a certain distance its weight proves too great for the ice to bear, and down she crashes, shooting the broken ice sideways under the main floes.

Perhaps most famous of all ferries is the *Baikal* train-ferry on the lake of its own name in Central Asia. This lake lies in the path of the great Trans-Siberian Railway, and, until the track was carried round its southern end, caused a break which required the importation of a ferry. The Russian Government therefore ordered the *Baikal* from Sir W. G. Arm-

strong, Whitworth, and Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

After being built, the vessel—of 4,000 tons displacement—was taken to pieces and so shipped to St. Petersburg. Wagons transported the pieces—the heaviest weighing about twenty tons—to Krasnoyarsk, and sleighs forwarded them to Irkutsk on the Angara River, whence they were floated down to the lake. Russian workmen, superintended by English engineers, there re-assembled the parts, and soon the Baikal was at work transporting trains from east to west, and from west to east, cutting through ice five feet thick as easily as you draw your stick through the thin film formed

on a water-butt by a spring frost. Yet not many years ago, before the ice-breaker was invented, and men had to cut or blast a way for a vessel, a mile a day was considered good progress in winter-bound Baltic ports.

Train ferries also ply in San Francisco, Chesapeake, and New York Bays; on the Delaware River, between British Columbia and Vancouver Island, across the St. Lawrence, from Italy to Sicily. They carry annually vast numbers of freight cars, as well as passenger trains, and on Lake Michigan are able to compete favorably with the railways that skirt the lake.



ICE-BREAKING TRAIN-FERRY BAIKAL
Carrying trains of the Trans-Siberian Railway across Lake Baikal



TRAIN-FERRIES BREAKING THROUGH THE ICE ON LAKE MICHIGAN

What is Meal Monday?

By PROFESSOR W. R. LANG
From University (Toronto) Monthly

- Q. What is Meal Monday?
A. Meal Monday is the Monday on which the student gets his meals in pence.
Q. What do the students do on Meal Monday?
A. Some of them go for walks, some of them work, some of them go up to the Union, some of them have other means of spending the day.
Q. What did our ancestors do on Meal Monday?
A. They walked home and brought back sacks of meal.
Q. Oh, did they?
A. Well, that is what they said, at any rate.
Q. What do you think they did, then?
A. I think that it was just an excuse to get away for the day. After that they would act exactly as we act at the present time.
Q. What is the day following?
A. The day following is Candlemas, and it is also a holiday.
—Glasgow University Magazine, Feb. 3rd, 1900.

THE passing of Candlemas Day brings back memories of the holidays that came together on the first Monday and Tuesday of February in the old University of Glasgow. If the calendar of that university be examined, three striking entries will be found: Monday, Holiday (Monday after last Friday); Tuesday, Holiday (for Candlemas). Again in March—or it might happen to be late in February—there appears the same mysterious reason for a holiday, namely "Monday after last Friday"! These days were known as "Meal Mondays," for the Scottish student from the country was supposed to tramp or otherwise go home on the Friday and bring back with him

enough oatmeal to last him for another month! They are still observed, though it is open to doubt if they are used for their original purpose; more likely for a game of "golf" or a day's trout-fishing. Fifty years ago these holidays were shared in by the scholars of the High School, and the granting of them was surrounded with a dignified formality which has on many occasions been recounted to me by the generation now almost completely passed away. Four students were elected annually by the Natural Philosophy class and held the title of Stint Masters. One was chosen from each nation, students being to this day divided into nations according to where they were born: Natio Glotiana, for all born within the county of Lanark; Natio Rothseliana, for those born in the counties of Berke, Renfrew and Ayr; Natio Transforthiana, for those belonging to counties north of the Forth and Clyde, while all students born elsewhere than in these favored and specified countries are included in the Natio Londoniana. About the end of January these four representatives went to the High School, where they asked each master to give the scholars a holiday, which was always granted. In return the boys visited the university and formulated a similar request to the professors. A deputation of some six or eight of them was selected by the masters of the fourth year Latin class whose duty it was to see that they were word-perfect in the oration which had to be made on these

occasions. The day they visited the university was observed as a holiday by the chosen scholars, who proceeded to the college quadrangle and were duly received by the Bedellus, who conducted them to the various classes and, as every class had to be visited, this took a considerable part of the day. Arriving at a class room the Bedellus threw open the door and the professor stood up in his rostrum, the students rising to their feet at the same moment. The spokesman—that duty being taken in rotation—went forward and said, "Doctissime Professor, nos disceptati scholae sumus, Glasgavensis, nunc ad te oratores venimus, humillime petentes ut auditoribus tuis, ferias solitas, benignè concedas." The professor made a dignified bow and said, "Libenter conceditur vobis," and the deputation retired amidst loud applause. This ceremony was abolished on the removal of the university buildings to their present site.

These Stint Masters had other and even more important duties. One of these was to fix the fees paid for degrees by individual candidates, for, on the principle of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, the amount of the fees varied considerably and there was no appeal from the sum named by this autocratic four, except that a maximum was laid down which might not be exceeded! Class fees, too, were nominal in those days; there was no imperative fee, but instead of that there was "coal and bell money," which was collected in a curious way. The students being duly entered in their classes, each professor announced the day fixed for the collection so that the students might come provided with the necessary amount, which was five shillings and sixpence! On the day appointed, at the end of the prayer with which all classes were opened, and with which most eight and nine o'clock classes are still opened, the Bedellus and the university "bellman" entered the room, the one with the table and the other with a money bag. The "censor"—a student

functionary still in existence in many classes, who takes the roll daily by observing vacant places—then called out the names, when each man filed past the table, paid his money and went out.

The modern system of examination is very different from that then in vogue. A candidate for a degree was examined in all his subjects at the end of his course, three years for B.A., four for M.A. But in order to make the consecutive years count for a degree, a student had to satisfy the professor of his knowledge of Latin before he was admitted to the Greek class; of Greek before taking Logic; of Logic before Moral Philosophy; and of this last before he could enter the class of Natural Philosophy. His examinations were in public and, if any who read this ever visit the University in Glasgow, let them ask to see the old "black-stone" chair on which all candidates sat during examination. Seated on this chair (the seat of which is of stone and by some believed to be the coronation stone on which the Kings of Scotland were crowned at Scone), he faced the professor of the subject on which he was being examined, while the Bedellus stood by with the mace. Before commencing, the student stood up and addressing the examiner as "Doctissime Professor," he named the books on which he had chosen to be examined; adding "profiteor." He then sat down, the Bedellus grounded the mace and turned an hour-glass, timed to run for about twenty minutes, and the torture was begun. When the sand had run out the Bedellus raised the mace, said "Ad alium Domine," and the unfortunate candidate made his escape. On one occasion a new Bedellus, somewhat shaky in his Latin, is reported to have said, "Ad diabolum Domine" to the horror of the learned professor! The audience of professors, students and even outsiders usually indicated their feelings of satisfaction or otherwise by the applause with which the candidate's exit was greeted.



THE FARMER'S BUSINESS OFFICE

The Farmer and the Roll-top Desk

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

From the Circle Magazine

WHEN you and I were boys on the farm father kept his lead pencil behind the clock on the mantel, his flexible date book, in which were set down the births of the colts and the time of taking certain stock to pasture found a resting-place in the drawer in the table in the corner, and the only writing-paper in the house was that kept by sister, who maintained a truly remarkable correspondence.

Father rarely wrote letters, but those days when he did set himself to the task were full of suppressed excitement. Mother produced the letter to be answered from the tray of her trunk, the miscellany on the table was cleared off, rust-eaten pens were the source of considerable experiment, and, finally, sister's sta-

tionery, often varicolored, for she was a faddist in this respect, was produced.

Then while father's stiff and unaccustomed fingers labored through the composition he went on tiptoe about the house, and even after it was all over we found his temper uncertain, for the result had been most unsatisfactory to him. The family had passed through an ordeal so disagreeable that it was repeated with the least possible frequency. Letter-writing on the part of the farmer came to be an almost unknown thing and with it all the semblance of the keeping of books.

But the last ten years have been bringing about a change which is showing its strength right now and marking an era in progress on the

farm. Last week I met a man who had lived on the farm next to my father's when we were boys together in the old slipshod days. I was surprised to learn that he was still on the farm, for his air was that of the successful business man knowing thoroughly his relation to the outside world. I talked to him of the affairs of the old farm and he told me of its transformation. In summing up he said:

"We have been driven to business methods by the new conditions and now we are blessing the causes that forced us. We have found that the most effective farm implement that we can buy is the roll-top desk. It regulates our crops, indicates those that are profitable, eliminates those that are not, sells to advantage, and is making fortunes for us. It has established itself on the farm and is there to stay. Those who adopted it first have now added an automobile. Those without it are being eliminated from the calculation, for profitable farming these days requires a business method of procedure."

All of which leads to the consideration of the desk on the farm as a sign of the times and a symbol of new conditions and to the story of how it came about, or is coming about.

The history of farming in this country has been the story of a careless competence gotten from a fresh and virile soil with comparative ease. The lands were virgin and productive, needing no fertilizer and no excessive cultivation. The seed has been placed in the ground and has grown heavy crops. The farmers have mostly grown so much as to yield them a living according to their standards, with only the occasional man who has striven for and accomplished more.

A map of the United States showing centres of population in 1880 indicates that only an occasional hand-

ful of settlers had established themselves on that belt of States of which Iowa is the centre. Yet for the past twenty years this region has been the productive area of the nation. Those lands throughout all that section were rich beyond anything the country had ever known.

All those States were settled fifty and sixty years ago and have since been farmed continuously without any intention being paid to putting anything back into the ground to repay it for what was being taken out. The best of soil can stand this sort of treatment for two generations, and then the end is reached. The two generations have passed. The soil is exhausted, and the two acknowledged crops of wheat and corn raised continuously on the same land are no longer profitable as of old. The farmer has got to figure out a different plan of farming throughout this vast area or succumb. He is figuring and studying and applying science, and succeeding beyond any of the accomplishments of the old regime, and in doing so he is becoming a business man. The condition of his soil is one of the forces that is driving him to it.

Farm labor has of late years come into competition with that of other industries. The tendency has been for the industries to win out, and prices of labor on the farm have greatly increased. To-day the farm hand receiving thirty dollars a month and found is a highly paid workman as compared with his fellows in other industries, and probably has a greater opportunity to lay aside money than any of them.

The farmer employing such labor is forced into a reckoning of the profits to be derived, must figure the returns of small areas and few men and large areas and many men. The computation is complicated and business methods are necessary in its consideration.

The farmer's son is no longer satisfied with the crude manner of

life that has been banded down from the pioneers, and demands better things. He has felt the touch of porcelain at boarding-school and is no longer satisfied with pulling down the blinds in a half-heated kitchen on Saturday night and attempting a bath in a washtub with water heated in a kettle on the kitchen stove. To obtain the things he wants better farming must be resorted to, and this same boy is finding the way to it. He has had a few months at an agricultural school, has seen some demonstrations at an experiment station, or has been aroused by some of the information prepared by the Government. This boy insists in knowing where lie the profits and losses, he installs new methods that sometimes arouse the neighbors, for other farmers must be scientific to compete with him.

Finally, the profits have grown so small that the farmer must determine what phases of his labors yield profits and what do not. There are naturally half a dozen products of a farm that are turned out year after year, and no account is kept against each and little idea is to be had as to which is most profitable.

A few years ago, for instance, a farmer in Rhode Island, who had divided his attention between dairy cows, fattening beef cattle, hogs, and chickens, determined to keep account of the expense and cash resulting from each operation. The result was, as determined by the roll-top desk, that he found he was positively losing money on the beef cattle, was barely coming out even on the hogs, was making a fair profit on the dairy cows, and was getting big returns on the poultry. He has since dropped beef cattle and all the hogs except enough to consume the waste, and has developed the dairy cows and the chickens, the latter to seven thousand hens, and is realizing huge profits on a farm on which

he had barely made ends meet for thirty years.

A farmer in Indiana adopted the same principal in relation to his three crops—corn, wheat and oats. The result was that he found that he had been raising oats for twenty years at a loss. He now raises more wheat and corn and buys the oats for his horses from other farmers who have not yet been convinced that it is next to impossible to raise them profitably in the great central farming belt of the United States.

A dairyman in New York was induced to get a machine for testing the milk of his cows and to the keeping of a record of the product of each. The machine showed that certain of them that were apparently valuable animals gave milk which contained so little butter fat that it greatly lowered the standard of his milk which was sold to a creamery. The cows were tested for a year and the herd of thirty was reduced to twenty with no decrease in the market value of the milk and a much greater profit. The farmer kept a ledger account for each of his cows and at the end of the season was able to tell to just what extent each individual cow was profitable.

In certain parts of Missouri wheat lands now produce seven and eight bushels where they formerly yielded twenty bushels to the acre. A ledger account will show that the present returns will pay no interest on the investment and poor wages for the labor expended. These farmers must resort to something different. The intelligent man adopts something like a rotation of crops to replenish the soil, and with it, live stock. This requires the investment of money, which he borrows on his land, and then begins the sink or swim contest. The incompetent is eliminated. The business has become complicated and book-keeping becomes as a necessity to success.

The department of agriculture at Washington is lending very great

aid to the systematizing of the work on the farm. For example, if a man maintains a dairy herd of forty cows he has before him the task of determining just how to balance his crop to supply them with the necessary quantities of pasture, soiling corn, hay, and stover, or whatever his crops may be. The individual farmer has little opportunity to determine these proportions other than by making a guess at it and changing it next year where he finds himself wrong.

Prof. W. J. Spillman, agriculturist in charge of farm management investigations for the department, spent four years in working out a formula by which any farmer may determine the correct proportions of different kinds of feed to grow and in what amounts to feed certain herds and conversely what size of herds to develop to consume the feed of certain farms. The first important step to establish was the quantities that were consumed by different classes of live stock. Then the total amounts necessary to support any herd could be obtained. Knowing the average production of any section it would be easy enough to figure the acreage necessary. The figures in the case of any farm have merely to be put in their place in the formula and the answer worked out.

In addition to this the department of agriculture is removing the baggage from the matter of book-keeping. It has devised a single book that will keep the records of the farm with relation to the outside world and which may be mastered in fifteen minutes. Men in the department started out on the hypothesis that book-keeping was the merest common sense and could be rid of all its technicalities and complications. The invention of the new system was the result. Professor Spill-

man urged it on a certain farmer in Missouri in whose operations he was financially interested. The farmer was fifty-three years old and protested that he was past the age of learning new tricks. The demonstrator, however, began copying the records of the farm into the new book and the farmer watched. In half an hour he had mastered it and a year later declared that for his own use he would not take five hundred dollars for it. A bulletin is now in course of preparation that will offer to put the new book into the hands of every farmer in the country who is sufficiently interested to ask for it.

Then, finally, there is the co-operative demonstration work in the South, carried on by the department of agriculture and financed in part by the general education board, a philanthropic institution which has set thirty-two thousand farmers to keeping accounts. Dr. S. A. Knapp is in charge of this work.

Teaching farmers to keep records was not the object of the department in setting thirty-two thousand men to sending in reports. It is likely, however, to be one of the most beneficial results. It causes the roll-top desk to enter the home. From the time it enters it is the man's property and sacred to the head of the house. Under its cover he keeps his things in order and together, and not even the four-year-old is allowed to intrude. When he wants paper or pencil or the horse book or the bulletin on the extermination of the caterpillar they are at hand. It is easy for him to write letters now and he plans his operations at his desk systematically. Approximations become matters of exactness and accounts are no longer carried in his head. He puts it all down in the book and pulls the top of his desk over it, for he has become a business man.

The Theatrical Press Agent

By BARNETT FRANKLIN
From Overland Monthly

THERE be all sorts and kinds of publicity promoters, but the theatrical press-agent occupies a unique position all his own. As a professional booster he stands unquestionably supreme. He is a real, unadulterated "Class A" article, and he pales all other seekers of free advertising into insignificance.

The theatrical press-agent, as you undoubtedly know, is an individual possessed of abnormal imagination who is hired by a theatrical manager for the purpose of calling the play-going public's attention to that particular manager's theatrical attraction or "star." It is his business to dump up business, to create a general interest in the attraction he represents. The obvious object of all this is, of course, to swell the box-office receipts to such an extent that a post-mortem examination will not find that the production was merely an "artistic, though not a financial, success."

Now some misbegotten souls may have a sort of dim, faint notion in their cerebroids that the success of a theatrical venture depends entirely upon the worth of the play, the quality of the acting, and the character of the costuming and scenic investiture. Permit me at once to scatter a few handfuls of disillusion on this notion at once. True, it is advisable ever to have a good play and capable interpreters, and the other details of production should be of the best. But, bless you, it does not much matter with the press-agent

what is the merit of the attraction he is delegated to root for. It is the sole object of this conscienceless individual to corral the attention of the public, and you may feel secure that he is going to work his very sturdiest to do it. And it is a matter of record that many a first-rate production has failed absolutely just because it was inefficiently press-agented, while others, barren of excellence, have been floated upon the wave of prosperity solely because of the workings of the publicity man.

'Tis a megaphonic age we live in, and the theatrical press-agent is a necessary product of it. A very large percentage of Americans is theatre-going, still there is great competition in the "show business," for playhouses are more than merely numerous. The more skillful the press-agent, the more successfully he kindles interest in the production he represents. And there is no "star" so luminous—even though his name be a "household word"—that can afford to disdain the offices of the press-agent. And, truly, there should be a feeling in every star's heart akin to love for him, for the patient, plodding soul who never has written a word save in praise of the whole guild of actors, and who, in so doing, has antedated many a vitriolic paragraph emanating from that poor, vilified, hunted, haunted analyst of plays termed a dramatic critic.

The dramatic critic and the press-agent are sworn foes. It is the dramatic critic's business to tell the truth

about a theatrical performance in the columns of his paper, and it is the endeavor of the press-agent to prevent this as far as possible and, in addition, to see that a few "news" stories of a complimentary nature get into subsequent issues of the paper so as to render the workings of the despised dramatic critic null and void. Ah, I know whereof I speak, good folk, for I, lack-a-day, am an humble chronicler of the drama myself.

And if the critic "turns down" a press-agent's "fake," which happens to be a very thinly disguised eulogy of his show, why it does not faze the man of brass for so much as an instant. It may be that he has been currying favor with the managing editor by artful means all these months for just this day of necessity, and so to him he goes with his plaint and a request for the use of his "true story" in the magazine section of the paper. Sometimes this works and sometimes it doesn't, but your real thing in press-agents is never disheartened by non-success. In the bright lexicon of press-agentdom there is no such word as fail. As some distinguished philosopher has, I believe, recommended, he tries, tries again.

George Ade relates the tale of the success of a ruse of this nature when he was dramatic critic on a Chicago paper. The irrepressible press-agent had been with him all morning in an endeavor to get him to make use of a two-column article saturated with guff and fluff attesting to the supreme excellence of his show. It was so palpable an advertisement, and the disciple of Ananias that had pruned it had dragged in so many eulogistic superlatives in an endeavor to entice the people theatrewards, that Ade would have none of it.

The next day Ade was astounded to find the rejected "fake" featured on the editorial page, and rushed

into the managing editor's room with the paper to solve the mystery.

"That's the sort of theatrical stuff to write," said the editor, before Ade could say a word. "Bright, newsworthy, readable stuff. And it only cost me twenty dollars, too." !!!!!!!

But the successful handling of a "fake" is getting harder and harder these days. A story must be pretty plausible before it passes muster in the modern newspaper office. The time is gone when so much as an inch notice will be given to an account of the actress who is robbed of her diamonds, even, as sometimes actually happens, the tale is true. The hackneyed, roadworn methods of the press-agent of days gone by will not work. The modern press-agent must be an up-to-the-minute proposition, whose think-factory would make Munchausen himself turn a beautiful emerald tone with envy. The stories circulated several years ago of Anna Held's bathing in milk, and of Mrs. Patrick Campbell having tan bark spread in the street to deaden the rumbling sounds that annoyed her during her performances, are two excellent instances in point which serve to show that the press-agent of to-day is a consistent and creditable product of the age.

However "bizarre" and attractive he makes his story, the press agent must never forget that the main object of the yarn is to advertise, and that he must get valuable advertising. And so this professional provocator works fundamentally towards the enlargement of audiences. He has to be careful that the newspaperity he secures for his "star" is not equipped with a boomerang. It must be minus the recoil. The press-agent that started the story, during Mrs. Campbell's engagement in New York, that the actress had won a large sum of money from society women at bridge-whist, meant well, but he did not figure accurately, for the whole affair brought down on Mrs. Campbell a torrent of such

strong denunciation from the pulpit that she was obliged to enter a "denial."

But the man who invented the Anna Held milk bath was a genius. Who he happens to be I do not know, but, according to statistics, he is quite as numerous as the historic folk that claim to have come over in the "Mayflower." And it was a very simple, and comparatively inexpensive, piece of advertising. Every morning a dealer in lactical fluid drove up to the vivacious Anna's apartments, and carried therein numerous cans of beautiful, white milk. The papers were full of accounts of this proceeding, and people stood around mornings in order to see the milk delivered. The story traveled all over the country, and the good citizens of Kennebunk, Ind., and Polunka, Mo., knew quite as much about Anna and her supposed daily ablutions as the frequenters of the Great White Lane. And when Miss Held trailed her way across the country, interrogating people with the great question, "Oh, Won't you Come and Play Wiz Me?" the box-office receipts were of such a character as to cause her manager to perpetually exhibit the brand of blandishment that does not wear off.

When a certain musical comedy was booked in Denver recently—a musical comedy of the conventional order, and not any more risqué than the average—the press-agent accidentally overheard a remark in a hotel lobby to the effect that the speaker opined that he didn't "believe that Denver would stand for anything too lively in the show business just now." That little remark started the press-agent. His show had not been dragging in an overplus of coin of the realm and it was his duty to boom things a little. Upon inquiry he discovered that Denver harbored a Women's Purity League that was arraigned particularly against theatrical performances

of such a nature that no self-respecting girl would take her mother to. By fair means and foul, he let it get to the ears of the well-meaning ladies of the league that one of the features of the show would be a day parade along the main street of forty of the young women of the company attired in bathing suits. The Women's Purity League accepted the bait with alacrity. It burst forth with an announcement that it had information that a "vile, immoral and indecent" production was billed to appear at one of the principal theatres on the following week, and, proclaiming aloud the name of the play, called upon all decent-minded citizens to suppress the insult to a Christian and law-abiding community.

Then the press-agent went to work with a vengeance. The papers were filled with comments on the controversy, and the press-agent wrote ponderous letters for publication which averred that he was properly horrified at it all, and pleaded with the public to judge of the falseness of the accusation when the show came to town. Which the kindly public proceeded to do, for the records have it that it played to capacity, and that the S.R.O. sign, the actor's joy, was posted each night at the door.

Another artful dodge that secured a goodly quota of advertising was one where the New York papers "bit" for a yarn of a barber delaying the performance of "Tape" until nine o'clock one evening. The only preparation required in that case was to post the man of shears and to hold the curtain at the theatre. Herbert Kelcey, according to the papers next day, had just been shaved, when he discovered that he was minus anything resembling currency in his pockets.

"I'll pay you to-morrow," he remarked. "I'm Herbert Kelcey, the actor."

"Herbert Kelcey!" the tonsorial-

ist cried. "Nix on the heated ozone. Dat gag won't go. You stay right where you are until you pony up that fifteen cents."

A messenger was hastily summoned, and the papers stated that the actor was released shortly after the usual time for "ringing up." The advertising power of this "fake" lay in the novelty of the idea that a barber could keep a thousand people waiting for their entertainment. The humorous quality in the thing made for the tale being repeated, and, as an attempt at publicity, the affair was an unqualified success.

Some very clever stunts in press-agentry are often not fully foreseen. Grace George once in Chicago decided that she would not open on Sunday night. She had been working hard on the road, and eight performances a week she felt marked the limit of her endurance. The town, however, had been billed, and the press-agent proceeded to have an inspiration. New announcements of the changed date were printed and posted over the others. He then permitted the newspapers to indulge in a little curiosity as to the reason for the change of dates. The press-agent reluctantly gave forth the information that Miss George did not believe in giving performances on Sunday. Hooray! At least a dozen clergymen told their congregations about it from the pulpit the day before the opening of the play. They unwittingly officiated as admirable assistants to the ingenious, paid publicity man.

Henry Miller was about to produce a new play in New York, and, rehearsals not progressing to his satisfaction, he determined to put off the contemplated opening for a short time. So the press-agent was called in that he might give a waiting world some valid reason for the condition of affairs. What was done was to advertise widely that the reason for the postponement lay in the fact that Mr. Miller had lost the only

manuscript of the play, without which no performance could be given, and that he would pay a reward of \$1,000 for its return. And so rehearsals kept right on, the production was put in smooth working order, and public interest was kept up.

George M. Cohan, the playwright and actor, is one "star" who makes a most efficient press-agent for himself. Many and various have been his schemes, and they are nearly always successful. Recently a noted Broadway restaurant received instructions to prepare dinner for a composer, music-publisher, playwright and comedian. Cohan finally arrived singly and alone, and he had such a difficult time in assuring the stewards that he was the quartet expected that the papers gave the story good space the next day.

And who will gainsay the talent of the "Divine Sarah" as a Bernhardt promotion committee? The stories she has had circulated about her lions and peacocks and gorillas and other choice household pets; her continuously-announced "farewell" tour; and her appeal to the French ambassador at Washington protesting against her exclusion from playhouses in this country controlled by the Theatrical Syndicate, as well as her subsequent appearances in a circus tent, are examples of press-agentism that are worthy of any regular member of the guild.

But it is the great American institution, the professional theatrical press-agent, the man paid by the theatrical manager to boom productions according to the dictates of an unbridled imagination, to whom I specifically refer as "that extraordinary personage" in the line that captions this article. That genial, gentle, modest, unassuming soul commands my admiration, inspires my wonder, and, in his possession of one particularly noble attribute, secures my respect.

The Bellows of the Body

By DR. WM. T. PARTRIDGE

From Van Norden's Magazine

DOCTOR, is there justification for all this to-do about adenoids?"

"Undoubtedly there is, my son," was the reply of the physician. After a pause, smoothing his white hair, he added, "I'm sorry to say so; that is, I'm sorry there is reason for saying so, but I am glad of the agitation concerning this matter, because it is high time that the public be aroused to the importance of correct breathing. Adenoids, you know, block the channels of respiration more or less effectually, when at all large, and a whole train of evil follows this damming of the channels of the vital air."

"What are adenoids, Doctor?"

"They are an overgrowth of the adenoid tissue which exists normally in the body. They may develop wherever this peculiar tissue occurs. The so-called lymphatic glands, or nodes, imbedded in this tissue are distributed in colonies throughout the body, but they are particularly abundant in the chest and abdomen, in the face and neck; a few are in the limbs, but none are in the brain case. Those situated in the throat, especially those in the vault of the pharynx, are so liable to overgrowth, they give so much trouble and are so common, that when we speak of 'adenoids,' without qualification, we mean the overgrown lymph glands held in a net-like tissue of living fabric. Is that clear?"

"Yes, but you said they are in the

pharynx. I thought they grew in the nose and therefore interfered with breathing."

"They most decidedly do obstruct breathing, but they do not develop in the nose. The pharynx, you know, is the expanded upper end of the throat under the base of the brain chamber. We might appropriately call it a reception hall. It is reached through the vestibule of the mouth and the double entry of the nose. On the wall of the reception hall just above the openings from the back part of the nose, the typical adenoids develop. Normally, they vary in size from a mustard seed to a bean, but abnormally, they may become as large as an almond; they may hang down like a bunch of grapes over the nose openings, closing them more or less completely, like a valve or swinging door. They are not exactly dangerous, but they are very serious in that they injure the general health."

"What about the tonsils? What have they to do with adenoids?"

"That's what the tonsils are—adenoids. I should have told you before. Each tonsil is a very large colony of lymph nodes, or knots (they are not true glands) caught in the meshes of the net-like tissue and covered with a membrane or capsule. The word, adenoid, we have borrowed from the Greek; it means, gland-like. These particular adenoid aggregations are called 'tonsils' because they are shaped like

an almond; tonsil meaning almond. Of course everybody knows something about tonsils and what trouble they may give in the throat. Now imagine a swollen tonsil covering the breathing holes. What happens? A mouth breather, undoubtedly, unless the child meet with the fate of Deadebola."

"Now old Mother Nature prepared the nose and not the mouth to be a part of the respiratory system; that is very easy to comprehend. The air passing in a semi-circle through the middle and upper part of the nose—the extreme upper part is prepared for the sense of smell—under normal conditions, is filtered, warmed and moistened; extreme care being thus exercised to prevent any irritation of the delicate lining of the air tubes and sacks in the lungs. When a child, or a grown-up for that matter, is compelled to breathe through the mouth, particles of dust or other deleterious matter are allowed entrance into the oxygen halls and chambers, and often kick up a fuss. This is common knowledge, but it is not so generally known that the numerous delicate, goblet-like cells in the mucous membrane of the nose, are constantly being filled with and emptied of a beautiful clear amber liquid—a pint every twenty-four hours—to modify the respired air and keep the tissues in good condition. When we 'catch cold' and the membrane becomes irritated and inflamed, the wine in the goblets becomes 'heady' and some of the Bacchanalian cells, becoming angry, pour out their libations in a stream, and dash the goblets to pieces. Then we get the other extreme—reaction and dryness."

"What does it mean, Doctor, to 'catch cold'?"

"You seem to be loaded with questions, to-night, my boy; but I'm glad these subjects interest you. 'Catching cold,' is losing heat; that is, we temporarily radiate heat faster than we manufacture it. The sudden ab-

straction of bodily heat is felt as a shock more or less severe, by the skin or other tissue affected. Under a nervous stimulus the blood vessels contract, driving the blood transiently from the surface, and we experience a chill which is interpreted as 'catching cold.' The blood driven from the surface causes congestion somewhere else and most frequently it is the mucous membrane of the upper respiratory tract that suffers. The theory is, that because of our civilized ways for ages and ages—which entail improper breathing—the delicate respiratory portion of our Solomon's Temple—built without the sound of hammer—has become very susceptible to strain. The congestion of the nasal mucous membrane in most instances is followed by inflammation, swelling and by perverted secretion. The nose is wholly or partially stopped."

"So you see that colds interfere with breathing in much the same way as do adenoids. Both should be prevented, of course, when possible; and it is possible. Correct breathing would reduce the liability to 'catch cold' seventy-five per cent, if not more, and adenoids would not develop in the air passages of one who had learned to breathe properly."

"How is it, Doctor, that we hear so much about adenoids, nowadays? We never used to."

"Well, you heard about them under other names, perhaps—adenitis, quinsy, and so forth—but I believe the particular form of trouble in the lymphatic glands which we term 'adenoids' is more prevalent to-day than it was twenty-five years ago. The attention of the medical profession was first directed to adenoids in the vault of the pharynx in 1868, and I know that an examination made of the children in the public schools of New York twenty years ago, developed the fact that out of 2,000, sixty were afflicted with adenoids. Recent examinations here,

you know, have shown that in certain schools nearly half of the pupils are suffering from these knotty overgrowths.

"See here! a kind friend has sent me these photographs of some adenoid children in the New York public schools. Aren't they eloquent with pathetic appeal? Here is a bunch of typical mouth-breathers. Look at this little girl, and this, and this one. See their poor, pinched little noses, open mouths and vacant eyes. Not only is their physical health impaired, but their mental capacity is reduced; and yet they are bright children, as a removal of these obstructions to the breath will show. It is a downright shame that the little ones should be allowed to come to such a pass, because such conditions are easily remedied by the proper treatment."

"You say much about breathing properly, Doctor. Do you mean to say that most people breathe improperly?"

"Yes, my son, I do. It is a deplorable fact. I believe that not more than one person in ten breathes as he should. I contend that under ordinary conditions we should breathe slowly, deeply, freely, and fully, to obtain the best results favorable to health—mental as well as physical. Most people breathe irregularly, and physiologists tell us, that ordinarily not one-sixth of man's lung capacity is utilized. What would the captains of industry to-day say of a mill or a foundry running to only one-sixth of its capacity? Yet some of these millionaires have much idle lung capacity while working some of their other badly manufacturing plants overtime."

"Why is it necessary to breathe deeply?"

"To eliminate more of the poisonous matter with which the tissues load the blood, on the one hand, and to give the living cells of which the body is composed a larger supply of the life-giving oxygen, on the other. The lungs are the great double doors through which this exchange takes place, and the wider open the portals the greater the reciprocal flow.

"It is not generally appreciated how much the breathing affects the nervous system, but each one can demonstrate this for himself. It is much more apparent how the nerve currents and mental emotions alter the breathing, and this is a fact to mark with a red pencil. When you are angry, observe how you take quick, short inspirations; when you are frightened, how you catch your breath. Excitement, anxiety, grief, bodily illness as well as food and drink, cause changes in the breath rate and consequently in the blood flow and in the tissue exchange. It is an interesting fact that in a healthy man, about two ounces of blood, with each pulsation of the heart, are given to the lungs and that the whole volume of blood in the body—about one-fifth by weight of the total avoirdupois of man—passes through the lungs every three minutes. It is evident that if we devote several minutes occasionally during the day of breathing exercises, such as rhythmical abdominal breathing, or what is known as the alternating breath, we may do much to cleanse the internal bodily mechanism. This internal bath is even more essential to health than is external bathing, but when we breathe properly we enjoy a cold morning dip which previously was uninviting or positively injurious to us."

At a Turkish Election

From Blackwood's Magazine

THE Orient Express from Constantinople puts you down at Adrianople somewhere between eleven and midnight. As you step from the footboard of the train—de luxe you leave Western comfort and ease behind you. You have reached an environment more Oriental than Constantinople itself. But even in the five years that have elapsed since the writer last visited the ancient capital of European Turkey, to some degree the influences of the West have forced themselves upon Adrianople. Five years ago there was no hotel at Karagatch and arriving by the same train the European passenger was obliged to drive the three miles into Adrianople proper, there to seek refuge in the most insubstantial hospitality of a native caravanserai boasting the pretentious title of "hotel." Now, however, a well-dressed young Greek meets the train and pilots the visitor to the very passable hostelry called "The Janick," where the traveler is able, if the demands upon the limited space of the institutions are not too great, to sleep in a room of Western appointment.

This was my fortune, and after passing a good night, I arose early and walked into Adrianople. The first touch of winter had fallen upon Southern Europe, and if it had not been for the endless stream of red-fezzed Redifs that I met upon the road, it might have been a cold weather morning in Northern India. This parallel almost became convincing, when, presently, through a

gap in the trees which lined the road, the view of Adrianople in the grey haze of a misty morning burst upon me. The town is built upon a small hill lying in a bend of the river Tundja (tributary to the Maritza), and is remarkable from a distance for the many minarets of its mosques. Crossing the Maritza by the solid Turkish bridge, I found myself in bazaars packed with oddity reservists, and, what is more wonderful, these soldiers were all engaged in marketing. It is indeed a new sight in Turkey to see soldiers with money to spend, and Adrianople, even at first view, impressed upon me the changes which the Young Turks have already effected in their country. I discovered later that the army had actually received its pay with regularity since the new order of things had arrived. My first call was upon the British Consulate. Here I found Major Samson, the energetic Consul, who knows everybody and everything worth knowing in the whole vilayet. As the preliminary elections were actually taking place in Adrianople, and were to some degree responsible for my visit, the Consul arranged an interview with Reshid Pasha, the Vali. Now Reshid Pasha is one of the strongest and most progressive of the Young Turk party, and has entered upon his duties in the Adrianople vilayet with an energy and vigour which have already produced a marked result. I could not help recalling to mind my last visit to the Vali in Adrianople. Then

there was just the same well-bred courtesy as we received to-day, but this courtesy proved the sole outcome of the interview. There was no direct answer to my inquiries, no desire to aid me in those matters where I was ignorant; nothing but endeavour to mislead and embarrass me where it was opened I might know or learn too much. Consequently on the present occasion the frankness of the Vali was a revelation. His time was valuable, and he went straight to the business in hand. The directness of his answers and the suggestion in his questions showed that, far from wishing to conceal, his one desire was to help and instruct. He arranged that I should immediately visit the principal polling centre in the town, directed one of his secretaries to meet me at the poll at the appointed hour. If the future of Turkey may be judged from my first impression of the new Vali of Adrianople, then in a very few years Turkey is destined to become a great nation.

If you would imagine what the first general election in the provinces in Turkey is like you must put out of your mind all pictures of the boisterous elections with which you are familiar. In England, as in America, politics have become a fashion. The voter exercises his privilege, first as a vindication of his rights as a citizen, and secondly as a justification of his own intelligent discernment. At the present moment no such feelings exist in Turkey. The average Ottoman subject barely realizes that the last few weeks have brought him any rights as a citizen, and he certainly is not yet in competition with his neighbor on the question of the intelligence of their respective powers of selection. He comes, therefore, to the poll much in the spirit of the parent who visits the office of the registrar when a child is born. It is a State duty in which, as yet, he has not appreciated his personal interest. It

must be remembered that I am speaking of the provinces. In Stambul, where the people are better educated and the Greek element is inclined to be obstructive, it may be different.

The actual voting was taking place at the Municipal Hall without display or excitement. In fact, as I saw the function, it was quite a tame affair. There was not even a crowd to mark so singular a phenomenon in Turkey as an election for constitutional representation. The Municipal Hall was thrown open, and but for the presence of double police sentries at the entrance, there were no signs of any special or extraordinary business. Marching into the central hall, I found a small knot of people surrounding a pillar-shaped ballot-box, and a table before which two tellers were seated. The pillar-box received the voting papers, and the tellers checked the voters. The procedure seemed to be something after this wise. The electors are all registered in their respective wards, and furnished by the ward-muktars with a blank paper bearing the official seal. The voters are then informed of the names of the candidates standing in their division, and are told that their muktars will be present at the poll between given hours on a certain day. Such voters as appear at the stated hours are checked by the tellers in the presence of their own muktars. This done, they drop their voting paper into the ballot-box. If, however, they do not attend while their muktars are present they are required to produce a certificate of birth. In a division of the Municipal Hall was the polling-booth; here the electors had the right to inscribe on their voting papers nineteen out of the twenty-eight names for representation. As far as I could see from the small numbers that voted in my presence, they all came with their papers already filled in. It will be seen that the procedure

is primitive to an extreme, and also that it lends itself to many possibilities of falsification and fraudulent return. In fact, the Vali himself pointed out that in some districts of the vilayet it had already been found that votes had been extensively duplicated, and that in each case where this had been discovered the scrutiny showed that the duplication was in the favor of Greek candidates. On the other hand, before my arrival the mayor of the town was defeated in what could only be described as a dishonest canvass, and was immediately removed from his post. Perhaps when the significance of such malpractices as these is more generally appreciated, the hustings at a provincial Turkish election will cease to be as passionless as they have been on this first occasion.

Later I spent some time in the polling-booth for the Karagatch division of the same Sanjak. For the most part the voters were Mussulman and Greek villagers from a large village near the town. On this occasion the ballot was not carried out in quite the same manner as at the Municipal Hall. In this case almost the whole of the votes registered were those of illiterate husbandmen. These peasants, all in the picturesque costume of the country, sat outside the police post where the ballot box was placed, and waited until their names were called by the tellers. They then walked gravely to the poll, and after having been recognized by the village muktars, dropped their papers into the box. I am positive that ninety-nine per cent. of them had not the smallest idea of what it all meant. I went amongst those who were waiting to vote. They readily showed me their papers, which were already filled in. I noticed that the selections on all the Greek papers were in the

same handwriting, while in the same manner only one handwriting was responsible for the lists furnished by the Moslems. Inquiry showed that in the case of the Greeks the papers had all been inscribed by the village schoolmaster, while the local hodja had issued the papers already filled in to the Mahomedans. Both sections, when asked who they were voting for, replied conclusively: "It is written on the paper." When further questioned they admitted that they had been quite content to leave the selection of names to the writer of the document.

I do not wish to infer that this means of bringing the populace to the poll has been a malpractice; I only want to emphasize the fact that a population, of which ninety-five per cent. is certainly illiterate, and in which no political emotions whatever exist, can only return representatives by instruction, and, therefore, for years to come the representation in the Turkish Parliament will be based upon class representation alone. The Moslems will vote as their hodjas instruct them, and the Greeks as the schoolmaster advises. One fails to see how it could be otherwise. But at the same time it restricts all national sentiment to a very small portion of the community and opens the door to every conceivable chicanery and manipulation.

Another irregularity I also noticed in the polling-booth, and it is one that the Committees will do well to eradicate before their next general election. The muktars sat at his duty-post of identification with a wad of filled-in voting papers, and acted as proxy for a very large percentage of the names called. This, of course, paves the way for incalculable iniquities. For the rest, I never saw a less demonstrative election in my life.



AN UP-REIVER SCENE ON THE MURRAY RIVER

From the Bystander

"RIVERS are roads, and carry us along with them," wrote Blaise Pascal. A great river is something more than a stream of water.

People who live on its banks come to attribute to it, quite unconsciously, some mysterious god-like quality. We all feel something similar about the sea. There is a fascination in the eternal current of a majestic river that little by little insinuates itself into the very life of the dwellers on its shores. Coarse men some of them are, perhaps, who would scoff at the suggestion, yet that does not alter the fact of the case. The stream which gives life to the man who sows the seed and also to the seed itself, and carries the harvest to the world outside does most certainly weave itself eventually into the man's whole existence, and, in Pascal's words, carries him along with it.

Reckoning its three main tributaries, the Murray system stretches over a length of between three and four thousand miles. Twice a year it is replenished, in the spring from the snow in the Australian Alps, in the late summer from the rain at the source of the Darling on the Queensland border. Formerly the river used to flood its banks for miles and miles on either side, much as the Nile does; but the huge drain of water constantly exacted from it for the needs of irri-

gation make such floods now impossible. So extensive, indeed, has been the diversion of water in the upper reaches that the Murray has in some years been transformed into almost a dry stream, which the lower riparian settlers may shortly require the Commonwealth High Court to recognize as a crime. The lands all the way up the river have, in recent years especially, become known as the most fertile in Australia for the growing of wheat and fruit. The extraordinary fact is that people have been so long in discovering this. The earliest settlers, Englishmen and Germans straight from the home countries, are still there, and their numbers are increasing every year.

The stories of the old floods make exciting reading. That of 1870 surpassed all records, and is still the standard in high-river calculations. In that year steamers floated over what is now dry land fifty miles from the Darling bed, and sailed up the main street of Wentworth, tradition has it, on the wrong side of the road. Many of the people had visions, and were incited—or so they believed—to build the Ark again. One old boatwright even had a design prepared. The proposal was to take two or three of everything except rabbits. A pair of quite respectable kangaroos had actually been invited, we

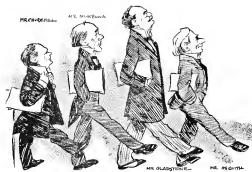
believe, when the waters—and the scheme—suddenly subsided.

The sportsman in Australia must perforce go to the Murray. The guns at Christmas-time kill thousands of wild-duck every year, and there is no better sport to be found anywhere. Every lagoon that when the water is up, every lagoon, abounds with them in their several varieties. The dense population of shags, ibis, and pelicans bears witness to the river's piscatorial plenty. For this reason the Murray is rapidly becoming one of the chief holiday resorts for Australian city people. But, to repeat, its chief importance is geographical. Its fertility is no less remarkable than its climate. Its people are the healthiest in the world. So from his branch in the gum-tree, the kookaburra, the big brown-and-white kingfisher, laughs in the sun at

the joy of everything about him and the madness of men who live elsewhere; the river catches up his mirth, and flings it from end to end of its glorious reaches, and the wise old bird—looking as if he knew all the secrets of the sphinx—listens eagerly for the sound of his hilarity to come back to him, and then takes his breath again, to give vent to a very fury of laughter, playing with the echoes like a school-boy. The sulphur-crested cockatoo screeches madly from his hole in the cliff-side at the plucking of the steamer's paddles, which he can hear in that great whispering gallery from miles away. The notes of the magpie, who pipes out his liquid clark-clark-clark in a voice of wonderful range, are of as pure gold as the sunshine overhead. Perhaps that sunshine is most beautiful of all.



KESMARK WHARF



CABINET MINISTERS AS SEEN BY A CARTOONIST
David Wilson in Illustrated London News

His Majesty's Ministers

By AUDITOR TANTUM
From Fortnightly Review

IN the last number of the Fortnightly Review I ventured to discuss the quality of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and found it "feeble"—unable, with few exceptions, to take effective advantage of the opportunities so plentifully offered by the Government during the Autumn Session. In the present paper I propose to subject the Ministry to a similar test and judge them from the same standpoint of the patient listener, who has no political expectations and no private interests to bias his impartial judgment. In this case one can soon dispense with the word "feeble." What faults the Government have, as a Government, feebleness is not one of them, and still less do its individual members deserve that un-

flattering epithet. Their faults spring rather from overweening self-confidence, vitality and recklessness. They dare do anything—and more—that becomes a Ministry, except make a straightforward, immediate appeal to the country in their quarrel with the House of Lords. But, after all, if they had resigned when their Licensing Bill was rejected by the Upper Chamber, many of them would not have qualified for their pensions as ex-Cabinet Ministers, for they could not show a full three years' tenure of office. And men do not become super-men when they rise to the highest places in the State.

It is true that the strength of the Cabinet is tempered by conspicuous weakness in one particular depart-

ment. For some inscrutable reason the Home Office has had more than its share of indifferent Ministers in the last fifty years, but Mr. Herbert Gladstone excels them all. As an example of extreme flaccidity his letter to the Roman Catholic authorities at Westminster in respect of the Eucharistic Procession—first officially sanctioned and then officially vetoed—stands unrivalled, and his performances as Minister in charge of the Meters' Eight Hours Bill were the despair of his side. The earlier proceedings in Grand Committee upstairs were, of course, screened from public view, but in the Report stage and Third Reading his lack of grip and his inability to present his case tersely were almost painful to witness. The Home Secretary knew his subject well enough; what failed him was the power of expression, and his frequent explanations were often more obscure than the points originally in doubt. The name of Gladstone, of course, is a valuable asset to the Liberal Party in the country, where the ineradicable belief in the Horatian maxim *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis* is the main secret of the vitality of the hereditary principle. But is there not scope for irony in the spectacle of a Radical Government declaring its fiercest war upon the hereditary principle, as it is illustrated in the House of Lords, when itself bestows not merely seats in a Chamber but important offices of State upon "their fathers' sons," and even waives the usual political apprenticeship in certain cases in order to keep the old names in the firm? If the presence of some members in the Ministry indicates, as it does, that Radical careers are open to Radical talents, there are others who are living witnesses of the active survival of paternal and paternal influence.

Nevertheless, the Cabinet is strong in men and its strongest figure is Mr. Asquith. That is as it

should be. The Prime Minister of the day should invariably be the strongest man of his party; it is almost always a misfortune for the State when he is not. Since Mr. Asquith took over control from the hands of a predecessor immeasurably his inferior—despite all his virtues—in intellect and force of character, he has filled the stage at Westminster in something of the old Gladstonian manner. It is always a pleasure to see the Prime Minister take the floor, for the House knows that the Government case will be put just as well as it can be put. Mr. Asquith is a master of the art of exposition. After hearing him no one has any excuse for not grasping the salient points of a measure. When he talks it is business; things get forward; something is done. His voice and manner are most persuasive; if occasion calls he can rise to a high level of dignified eloquence; he has an unerring eye for the weak points of his own case as well as those of his opponents; he can gather up his party behind him, as he sweeps along, and carry the dullest and heaviest over almost any obstacle. In a word, he is the leader of his party and not its follower. He is always well ahead in judgment. Nor is he like the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was for ever at the mercy of a sentimental or humanitarian phrase, and belonged by instinct to the Little England School of Radicals, with whom the Ministerial Benches are packed, though just now they are receiving very little encouragement. Mr. Asquith has no natural affinity with these. He knows them for what they are—arrant mischief-makers and troublemakers of the peace. It always seems to me that Mr. Asquith tosses with a singularly sparing hand to the Radical pack behind him the particular morsels which they love, and that these are received with glad surprise. And when he repeats, as sometimes he must, the



BRITAIN'S FOREIGN SECRETARY
Sir Edward Grey, M.P.

Radical shibboleths and the Teetotal shibboleths and the shibboleths of the Universal Friends of Man, when he puts the case of the Passive Resister, as though convinced that the distinction between rates and taxes were really worth a good man's support, one cannot help shuddering with what gusto Mr. Asquith would expose the sandy foundation on which he had been building, if that were to form part of his official duties.

Mr. Asquith has enormously strengthened his reputation as a Parliamentarian. His handling of the Licensing Bill—apart, of course, from the demerits of that swollen and unwieldy measure—was admirable, and he showed himself as good-humored and amenable to requests from the other side as was compatible with a fixed determination to drive the Bill through according to the schedule. Again, in the matter of the ill-fated Education compromise, the Prime Minister's speeches were models of conciliatory language, and the dignity of the speech in which he conducted

its funeral was superb. And yet what could have been more hopeless than an attempt to rush such a Bill through Parliament in the last few days of an exhausting Session, before even the negotiators had agreed among themselves as to the school figures upon which the compromise was to rest? For all that the failure did no harm to the reputations of the Prime Minister or of the Minister of Education. On the contrary, it actually did Mr. Runciman good. The attempt was made with so much honesty of purpose, the negotiations were so sincere, the give and take on both sides was so genuine, and the ordinary partisan view was so rigidly excluded from the interviews between the Archbishop and the Minister, that the House of Commons was almost ashamed to attack the scheme. Mr. Runciman was so reasonable and yet so strong and firm in his speeches; he listened with so much patience to the extremists; he was so anxious to bring off his miracle and restore educational peace that the House felt genuinely sorry when the inevitable end came, even though every day that passed, while the fate of the Bill hung in the balance, confirmed the uneasy conviction that the plan would not do, and that even if carried in Parliament it would soon break down in the country.

Of the Foreign Secretary everyone speaks well, so well indeed that Sir Edward Grey might be well advised to imitate Polycrates and drop a ring over the terrace into the Thames. Unionists repose in him the same unreserved trust that they place in Lord Lansdowne, and everyone rejoices at the welcome change which has lifted foreign politics out of the perils of party controversy. Sir Edward Grey never swinks unless absolutely compelled; Mr. Haldane, on the other hand, is always ready to fill a column on the shortest notice. He looks the sleepiest man in the Cabinet; he is, in

HIS MAJESTY'S MINISTERS

fact, the most alert. How he gets through his work is a marvel to ordinary mortals. No Minister attends the House more assiduously; he even goes to "another place" when the Lords are debating Army matters, and listens impassively to Lord Crewe's uneasy and halting speeches on military affairs or to the well-coached replies of Lord Lucas. Mr. Haldane is always ready to assist a colleague; but he gets very little

behalf in season and out of season. His speeches here, and there and everywhere, his cheery optimism in the face of the gloomiest prognostications, his readiness, his entreaties, his cajoleries even, his laborious days and sleepless nights, will receive one day the generous recognition that is now withheld. We could wish, it is true, that Mr. Haldane were not quite so copious, and that when he rises and begins "tuning his



A CABINET MINISTER AT A SOCIAL FUNCTION
The Minister of War, Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P., presenting
prima to the Queen's Watchmaker Rifles

help in return. Some of his colleagues are ready enough to blow the trumpet and sound the drum on behalf of the ever popular Navy, but for the Army—not a word. In fact, it is credibly reported that one of them was quite prepared, if need be, to take the War Office and reduce the army estimates by five millions simply by the drastic method of lopping off more regulars. The Territorial Army is Mr. Haldane's own creation, and his exertions on its

voice and balancing his hands," it were not quite so certain that he would exhaust his theme, but that is a small point. He has done the work that no one else could have done; he would have done it even better but for some of his colleagues; and he is all the better statesman for cause he is such an indifferent partisan.

Mr. Lloyd George was in abeyance during the Autumn session. He had had his innings while the Old



A CABINET MINISTER IN STATE ROBES
The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M. P., in his robes of office

Age Pension Bill was before the House, and his turn will come again with the much-vaunted Free Trade Budget. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is supposed to be budgeting night and day, evolving schemes wherewith to produce missing millions from his safe, cudgelling his brains for brilliant ideas, ransacking the ages to discover how other financiers have overcome a gigantic deficit which remorselessly grows from week to week. No doubt there is much exaggeration in this. Certainly, Mr. Lloyd George has never shown himself a serious—or if serious, an intelligent—student of history. When he permits himself an allusion to the past, or to the contemporary affairs of a foreign country, he usually blunders badly. Accuracy is not his forte, though it is useful in a financier. But the fact

is that there are several Lloyd Georges in the short stature of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. There is the acknowledged master of all the vocabulary of political vituperation—the irresponsible attorney abusing an inconvenient witness. There is—on rare and special occasions—the idealist of the Celtic fringe lifting up his eyes to his native hills—the hills over which rises the road to London—and uttering rhapsodies in Welsh. There is the violent Nonconformist, the tireless enemy of the Church which taught him his letters. There is the cool administrator who brought together the railway managers and their servants and bade them in the name of the State settle their quarrel and come to terms. There is the author of the Patents Act, an Act lustily landed, but involving a principle so

HIS MAJESTY'S MINISTERS

simple and so obvious, that we should rather condemn the blindness and dilatoriness of the Governments, which left such glaring folly so long untouched, than praise the sapience of a Minister who put the crooked straight. And again it is the very Minister who performed the wildest contortions in honor of the Goddess of Free Trade who passed the Patents Act and has enabled the new Port of London Authority, with Board of Trade sanction, to levy a duty on goods entering and leaving the Thames. His present task is to demonstrate that the resources of taxation under a Free Trade system are not exhausted, and that he can raise the millions he requires by special class taxation without laying the slightest burden upon the shoulders of the working-classes. The measure of his success will be the measure of his condemnation. Now and then, when he has found himself in serious company, Mr. Lloyd George has essayed to wear with dignity the gorgeous but heavy robes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But he finds the strain too great to be borne long. He is glad to escape from their smothering weight, to be himself and at his ease, and when addressing the mass meetings most congenial to his oratorical style, he has told them with a wink that he has his eye on the rich man's hen roost, and that he is composing a pretty tune for Midas to sing on the rack. Indeed, he and his partner, Mr. Winston Churchill, are going about using language which does not differ one iota in intention from that of Mr. Victor Grayson, when he calls for a knife to slit the bursting money bags of the rich. As a Minister in the House Mr. Lloyd George assumes his most taking manner and wears an engaging smile; he can turn on the springs of sentiment and make the fountains gush; he has the skilful orator's trick of play-

ing with his audience. And his words drip plausibility.

He seems to have entered into a working partnership with the President of the Board of Trade, who is playing, with flamboyant success for the moment, the historic role of the young scion of an aristocratic house turned ardent demagogue. Mr. Churchill is the new friend of the toilers. The Pulchellus of the Cabinet is the People's Winston. He watches very warily every movement in the Labor Party. He listens to catch every sound that rises from beneath. Every breath of popularis aura, however faint, wakes a responsive string in the Aeolian harp stretched across his windows at the Board of Trade; the dawn of every new Socialistic idea makes this modern Memnon vocal. Mr. Churchill shares all the arts of the demagogue with Mr. Lloyd George and has advantages of social status denied to his present partner and future rival; he has mighty ambitions and immense capacity; he works like a tiger; and he has not only shot a rhinoceros—he has assumed its hide.

Mr. John Burns remains what he was,

As honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broad-cloth without and a warm heart within.

His appointment to the Cabinet was designed to please the working-classes and did please them; now, after three years, Mr. Burns is chiefly a source of strength to the Ministry with their middle-class supporters, because of the resolute and courageous stand which he has made against the enormous pressure brought to bear upon him from the extreme Radical and Socialist wings of the party. The President of the Local Government Board deserves the thanks of the community for the vigor of his onslaught upon corruption in the lower de-



A CABINET MINISTER IN ACTION

The President of the Local Government Board, Right Hon. John Burns, M.P., addresses the House of Commons

partments of local administration, upon the ruinous extravagance of the outdoor relief system known as Poplarism, and upon the insidious new shibboleth of the Labor Party—the Right to Work. It is an open secret that the Cabinet was sharply divided on the question of what to do for the unemployed. Some of Mr. Burns's colleagues would cheerfully have flung him to the wolves. And though he won the day last October, when the Prime Minister cast his acerbic over him and paid him a most generous but well-deserved tribute in the House of Commons, the struggle will be renewed, and if the Ministry endures, it will be highly interesting to watch Mr. Burns's fate. He is a "hoony fighter," and Parliament has no more exciting spectacle to offer—from a purely gladiatorial point of view—than a duel between the President of the Local Government Board and his implacable foes on the Labor Benches, especially Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Will Crooks. They openly cast off the gloves, they shout unmercifully between the blows in the old Homeric fashion; and they pound away amid the

cries of their excited partisans till the staidest members forget their dignity and swell the din.

It is difficult to write impartially of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. His name has come to be associated so continuously with failure—despite his Irish Universities Bill—that his opponents are prone to "damn him at a hazard." He is by temperament an optimist, but his disappointments are manifestly telling upon him. The iron has entered his soul and begun to fester. He is losing his old suavity; there is a harsher note in his voice; he sits on the Treasury Bench as though crouching for a spring. He flings his answers across the floor with a gesture of impatience. But when he goes down into the country and lets himself go—O di boni, quam iter incedebat, quam truculentus, quam terribilis aspectus. His rhetoric positively rouses and grates. And yet all this violent wrath is for the sake of peace and brotherhood and mankind! That he has done what he considers his best in Ireland no one can deny. He has striven with might and main to appease the Irish Nationalists. Mr. Redmond and

Mr. Dillon freely acknowledge his good intentions, but they either will not or dare not interfere with Mr. Ginnell and his friends. And the inventor of the "hazel policy" told Mr. Birrell to his face in the House of Commons a few weeks ago that he and the cattle drivers would go on making the facts in Ireland, and the Government could frame their laws to suit them.

It was so rare a piece of fun To see the sweltered cattle run.

The fate of the Irish Land Bill it would be folly to predict. It is a grandiose measure, like most of the Government Bills, and provides, in addition to its land-purchase clauses, for the transplantation of large numbers of Irish tenants from the congested districts to the grass lands which are to be broken up in order to provide them with holdings. Whether the latter are economic or not, Mr. Birrell admitted that he did not greatly care. The admission was typical of the Radicalism of which he is one of the chief exponents.

Mr. McKenna promises to be a much greater success at the Admiralty than he was at the Education Office, his tenure of which is chiefly remembered by his supremely fatuous remark that he came to bring, not peace, but a sword. The Radicals were exultant when this eager economist was sent to the Admiralty; now they are inclined to look upon him, in their favorite phrase, as "a lost soul," for instead of giving them a drastic, reckless reduction of expenditure, the First Lord has become an enthusiast for the superb machine of which he has supreme control, and is now patriotically jealous of its perfection. The Postmaster-General, Mr. Sydney Buxton, arouses neither enthusiasm nor animosity; he is a typical example of the sound party man and painstaking administrator. Mr. Harcourt, the Sir Visto of the

Cabinet, and decidedly the most ornamental figure on the Treasury Bench, is a neat speaker, who takes trouble to throw a touch of distinction even into an answer for question time, and is the first Minister for many long years to take a real and active interest in the beautification of London. But the lesser lights of the Cabinet have been completely outshone of late by one of the Under-Secretaries, who has assuredly earned the next vacant place that occurs in the charmed circle. This is Mr. Herbert Samuel, Mr. Gladstone's lieutenant, and, one would imagine, about as uncomfortable a junior as the Earl of Elgin found Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Samuel was specially deputed by Mr. Asquith to take his place as Minister in charge of the Licensing Bill when affairs of State caused his absence, and he performed the duties with very marked ability. The Children's Bill, which he also skillfully piloted through the House, was literally child's play compared with such difficult questions as time limit and monopoly value, and though his speeches were carefully prepared beforehand, he followed the best speakers on the Opposition side with absolute confidence, and where he could not answer, boldly attacked. Mr. Samuel, however, contrives to arouse animosities to a very marked degree. He not only strikes hard—no one minds that—he irritates. He is antipathetic to many members of the Opposition, who find it hard to listen to him in patience. It is not so much what he says as the decidedly "nasty way" he says it; and he has a peculiar sleekness of manner which is in curious contrast with the hardness of his voice. Nevertheless, Mr. Herbert Samuel is already a force in the House of Commons, and is one of the most valuable men in the Ministry.

Another Minister who won decided laurels over the Licensing Bill is the Solicitor-General. Sir

Samuel Evans possesses the gifts of lucidity and perfect good temper. He was always ready to explain legal points, and to "do it again" if required, as it often was. He assumed no air of legal infallibility; he was generally willing to concede the verbal amendments which mean very little, but give such intense gratification to the member who moves them; and where he resisted he resisted strongly but graciously.

Dr. Macnamara, who was presumably sent to the Admiralty because he knew too much to go to the Education Department, has not had many opportunities. Mr. Masterman has resolutely held his tongue since his promotion; had he been a private member, his speech on the Runciman Bill would have been well worth listening to. Colonel Seely sets his colleagues an almost daily object-lesson in the art of responsive elocution which Sir Edward Serachey in especial would do well to imitate. Sir Hudson Kearsley has just shown a rare example of self-abnegation by resigning the Parliamentary Secretaryship to the Board of Trade and becoming the Chairman of the new Port of London Authority, at the same time declining to take the salary attached thereto. The remaining Under-Secretaries have done nothing to call for mention, either for good or ill.

The Ministry's weakness in the House of Lords is so marked that the strength, not alone of numbers, but of intellect, on the other side seems almost brutal in comparison. Of course, the Lord

Chancellor is an exception. Lord Loreburn is an imposing figure in the Upper Chamber, though even yet he has not learnt the "nice conduct" of a full-buttoned wig. His tact is perfect. His speeches, on the rare occasions when he makes a party speech, are admirable. That with which he closed the Licensing debate saved the dignity of the Government, which would have sunk below zero had it not been for the extraneous allies they found in the Bishops and on the Cross and Opposition Benches. But the Ministerial Bench is helpless. Lord Wolverhampton and Lord Ripon are no longer able to bear the heat and burden of the day. And though Lord Morley of Blackburn is probably the finest intellect in the whole Chamber and his magnificent speech on Indian Reforms was worthy of a great Imperial Senate, the tale of his year increases and he confines himself to his own Department. Lord Carrington is the soul of breezy and inconsequential good humor, but no one takes him very seriously even on his pet subject of small holdings. Lord Fitzmaurice is no match for

his brother opposite. And as for Lord Crews, who leads the House, he is always—as Lord Rosebery once said in mordant phrase, the graceful butterfly gyrating on its pin. Lord Rosebery himself ought to be leader, but the gap between him and his quondam associates is now unbridgeable. The tabernacle he set up is dissolved. Jachin and Boaz are broken pillars. And so Lord Rosebery is doomed to his cross bench.

One Thousand Words a Minute

By D. B. HESTEN

HALF the world is now talking about cheap telegraphy. In Great Britain, not content with its achievements in the lowering of postage rates, Mr. Henniker Heaton is agitating for a universal penny-a-word telegraph rate. In the United States where telegraph rates are higher than anywhere else in the world, the need for cheaper telegraphy has long been felt, but owing to the conditions under which the telegraph business has been carried on, the expense of line construction, maintenance and operation has been so enormous as to preclude the giving of lower rates by the existing companies.

Under hitherto existing conditions while as high an average as 60 words a minute has been made by the most expert operators working under the most favorable circumstances (the record is 3,300 words an hour) the average rate in everyday practice is only about 15 words a minute. When it is remembered that in order to send these 15 words a minute it takes two operators on each wire, one to send, the other to receive, it will be understood what a large force of highly paid expert operators and what a tremendous number of wires stretched at an enormous expense it takes to handle the millions of words daily sent over the telegraph wires even at the almost prohibitive rates the companies have been compelled to charge in order to render this service.

Recently, however, a new telegraph company, called the Telepost, has begun operation in New England and is rapidly extending its lines throughout the country. The company owns a

wonderful system of automatic telegraphy that sends messages over the wires at the speed of 1,000 words a minute. The Telepost is the perfected result of many years of scientific effort to achieve what electricians have long regarded as the inevitable outcome of the telegraphic art, the mechanical transmission of messages; and its establishment throughout the country will, when completed, practically revolutionize the telegraph business, as it will mean a more rapid, more accurate and less expensive system than has ever before been known.

Several inventors have devised machinery which would automatically transmit messages at high speed and as early as 1871 one of the systems was put into experimental operation. This and other succeeding inventions were rendered entirely unreliable by the "Static" (which may be described to the lay mind as the excess of electricity with which a telegraph wire is charged and which must be "cleared" before signals can be sent) which rendered them so susceptible to atmospheric changes, induction currents and other disturbances that continuous service could not be maintained.

For forty years all experiments for the purpose of overcoming "Static" were so utterly futile that many electricians believed that ideal as automatic telegraphy was in theory, it could never be realized in successful practice. But as has happened in other fields of scientific research, the seemingly impossible has finally been accomplished.

Mr. Patrick B. Delany, who is prob-



REGINALD MURDOCH

First Lord of the Admiralty

1907

ably the greatest living inventor of telegraphic improvements in the world, after having perfected his invention, the synchronous multiplex system of telegraphy, which was purchased by the British Government in 1885, which brought him world-wide fame, turned his attention to other improvements in telegraphy and finally decided upon the conquest of "Static," believing the problem could be solved by patient effort.

He devised new mechanisms and applied new theories to the working out of a system for the subjugation of "Static," and after 15 years of continuous experimenting discovered how to deal with "Static," and so successfully that he not only succeeded in overcoming it, but in actually harnessing and utilizing this great force, the long-dreamed-of automatic system of telegraphy.

In addition to transmitting regular telegrams, the new system offers three unique services which will prove of the greatest convenience and benefit to the general public. These are the "Telecard," "Telepost," and "Teletape." Teletaping is the sending of a postal card by wire. Though this is not done literally it is in effect thus: The writer fills in a "teletape" (the same size as a post card) and hands it in to the Teletape office, who will wire the message to the point of destination, or to the nearest Teletape office to that point, where it will be typed onto a similar card, addressed to the person for whom it is intended, and delivered through the mails. By this means Teletape messages could be written in New York and delivered to an address in Chicago, in two hours, instead of the twenty or thirty hours required to transport a post card between the two cities. As the "Telecard" service carries ten words for ten cents, it will undoubtedly soon be a very popular means of communication in cases where messages are urgent, though not of enough importance in the matter of time to necessitate telegraphing in the usual way.

Another, and somewhat similar ser-

vice is the "Telepost," which is the handling of a fifty-word letter in the same way at the charge of 25 cents. The letter is handed in, or sent by mail to the local Teletape office. The operator there transmits it to the city of destination by wire, where it is typewritten, put in an envelope, properly addressed and dropped into the post office for delivery by the local carrier.

When a letter of 50 words filed in the New York office of the Teletape can be dropped in the post office in Chicago, or any other city, within a half hour for 25 cents, undoubtedly a great mass of the correspondence rushed through the mails by special delivery on which twelve cents postage is paid will be converted into go-word Teletapes, and delivered to its destination many hours sooner, with very slight increase in expense. Every year 11,000,000 letters are delivered in the United States by special delivery, a fact that will give some idea of the need for such a system of rapid letter transmission and delivery as afforded by Teletaping.

Perhaps the most interesting service in the point of novelty, and which should prove of special value to the business world and those who wish to secure the utmost privacy for their messages is the "Teletape," by means of which 100-word messages can be sent for 25 cents, even from as great a distance as New York to San Francisco. That the reader may understand this device it must be explained that all messages transmitted by the Teletape's rapid automatic system are, before being fed into the transmitter, perforated on a narrow paper tape by a perforating machine operated by a lettered key-board very like that of a typewriter. This machine may be worked at any speed at which a person is capable of manipulating the keyboard and the message can thus be prepared by any one, a knowledge of telegraphy not being necessary to its use. The tape so perforated—the perforations being regulated to the dot and dash signals—is fed into the trans-

mitter, which sends it over the wires at the speed of 1,000 words a minute.

The advantage of the Teletape to the business man is that he can have a perforating machine in his own office, just as he has his typewriting machine, and he or his stenographer for him can prepare his own tapes, and if he chooses can employ a cypher code in doing so. When the tape is ready he has only to write the name and address to which it is to be sent, sign his name or code word and send it to the Teletape office. There the operator takes the "Teletape" and simply feeds it into the automatic transmitter and has nothing else whatever to do with the message. At the receiving station the message is electrically printed on a tape in dots and dashes—which is delivered just as it is to the address indicated, where it is first translated by the person for whom it was intended. As the dot and dash alphabet can easily be learned by anyone of ordinary intelligence in a very short time, the recipient of these "teletapes" will quickly be able to read them off as readily as if they were in Roman type. This class of service should be of great value to business men, not only on account of the cheapness of rate, but because of its assuring secrecy as to the contents of the message.

Another remarkable feature of the Teletape system, is the fact that a full page of a newspaper can be teletyped over a single wire from New

York to Chicago in 10 minutes, and that in one hour the same full-page message can be sent from Boston to Seattle, automatically dropping a press copy at every station along the line through which it passes. This service will be given to "the press" at very low rates. One can scarcely imagine what this means in the newspaper field for it is certain to revolutionize existing conditions in many ways.

Last but not least important feature of this great system of rapid telegraphy is the fact that by it telephone wires can be used for telegraphing without interfering with their use at the same time for telephoning; and while the new Telegraph Company, the Teletape, is constructing its own trunk lines from coast to coast, by leasing independent telephone wires the company will be able to extend its service all over America at much less cost and within a considerable shorter space of time than if it had been necessary to build its own lines over every section.

The telegraph service in Canada is, no doubt, better than that in the States, but the day is probably not far distant when we shall be having our correspondence "wired" between distant points through such a system as the Teletape, for surely must antiquated methods continue to give place to the more enlightened scientific and mechanical achievements. It is thus the whole world progresses.





The Wellington Factory of Semi-ready Limited, Montreal

The Story of a New Method

By G. B. VAN BLARICOM.

As a man I am interested to some extent in clothes—in fact I have to be, whether I want to or not. It is all right to affect disregard for the styles and conventionalities of life, but few persons care to be written down as freaks. Man may talk learnedly of being superior to his surroundings and so utterly oblivious to what is taking place that it matters not whether his trousers are too long, his vest too short or his coat too small. There are two kinds of people who attract unfavorable attention: or perhaps "notoriety" would be a more applicable term. They are the overdressed and the underdressed. The best dressed male is he who observes a happy medium, neither leaning to the extremes of the ultra-fastidious nor adopting the indolent idea that anything will do.

Every man, who has any sense of self-respect—and a man without this

quality is never much of an asset to himself or society—likes to appear neat and smart. He may not be susceptible to vanity or flattery but, nevertheless, it is pleasing to hear from those whose opinions are sincere and well worth having, that he looks the part—that he has shown good taste and judgment in the selection of his garments, both as to fabric and design.

Ideas change as the world advances. We do not eat the same dishes to-day that we did twenty years ago. We do not build the same style of houses, seek the same class of amusements, or follow the old methods of agriculture, mining, dairying, or manufacturing. With these revolutions our opinions, or rather habits, which, in the final analysis, are largely prejudices, have also undergone change. Everything is being directed towards specialization and concentration. The man who forges to the front nowadays

is the expert, who, by his superior knowledge, reduces cost and increases production. The skilled man is ever at work devising new things; some are turned to profitable account while others have met with indifferent success because they were not feasible. It is the old law of the survival of the fittest.

It is only a little over a generation ago that all shoes were made by hand. To-day the hand-made shoe is a relic, and is also a much higher-priced and less durable article than that turned out by the best equipped factories, the outputs of which have reached the acme of worth and wear as well as quality and quantity. It has been demonstrated that every width and size and shape of foot—every pedal peculiarity—can be satisfied by mechanical means. The same now applies in the matter of dress for men. The turning out of great quantities by time and labor-saving methods has reduced the cost of production, and at the same time increased the value and variety of the output. The resources of not one, but of many minds have been appealed to. The result is seen to-day in the tailoring trade in achievements that a decade ago would have been regarded as impossible. The views of men have broadened. Association and necessity have placed our ideas and conceptions of things on a higher level. The term ready-made, which a few years ago was in numerous instances synonymous with hand-me-down, was one rather of ridicule and reproach. The opinion then existed that only a certain price was to be attached to these goods and only a certain class of people would wear them. It was recognized that if a man wanted a really serviceable, distinctive, and well tailored suit he could not obtain it in this class of goods. He sought the custom tailor, paid him a high price, and waited patiently for a product which may or may not

have been better than the ready-made. The origin of clothes ready-to-wear, which has had to fight and overcome so many prejudices, has, at last been carried to its legitimate conclusion, and the originators of the Semi-ready idea, who conceived the plan of making up the finest fabrics, importing them direct and doing business by a wide and thoroughly systematic method of distribution from one central workshop, have shown any doubting Thomases that the principle permeating the project from end to end, is not how cheap but how good.

The advantages of co-operation and concentration are to-day freely conceded and a large organization naturally possesses many facilities which the individual does not. I was particularly impressed with these facts when paying a visit to the big Semi-ready factory in Montreal the other day. That great modern wholesale tailoring establishment for men reveals something to even the most casual observer, how easily and yet naturally the clothing trade has been revolutionized. The system from beginning to end is unique, progressive, and yet thorough in every respect. Like all clever inventions, one is struck with the simplicity and matter-of-fact sense in the idea. The vast output and the unexcelled facilities for doing the highest class work with the maximum speed and efficiency have made Semi-ready clothes the peer of anything in their line. There is no similarity whatever to a ready-made clothing factory. The Semi-ready people do more than make the clothes. They have a buying plan, a manufacturing plan, and a selling system so perfect that, as an organization, the company stands for all that is strongest and satisfying in the great garment world. They have even carried their splendid system to such a point as to furnish an absolute guarantee with

a demand note for redemption. Another outstanding feature is that all garments are sold at exactly the same price in every store in the Dominion. In all the provinces parties are charged exactly the same sum. There can be no deviation from the fixed price which is proclaimed prominently in plain figures.

An interesting deduction is seen in that the day of cheap things is passing not only in clothing, but other lines of manufacture. I was surprised to learn that the Semi-ready sell many more twenty-five and thirty-dollar suits than they do fifteen. This demonstrates the tendency of the age to place the palm upon merit and excellence rather than upon things that make for mere mediocrity or temporary satisfaction. This observation is not to be interpreted as meaning that a fifteen dollar suit is not good value for the money, but merely to show that higher-priced garments declare that in the end the costliest is relatively the cheapest. Fundamentally, quality determines the success of any article, just as the success of every merchant depends upon the quality of the goods he handles. Semi-ready garments measure up to the very highest quality standard and there is no acceptable substitute for them. Money is saved in buying, in making, and in advertising,

and with the enormous output in one executive headquarter, such as Semi-ready possesses, endless expenses that a custom tailor has to bear, are obviated.

Semi-ready clothes are sold at a closer margin to cost than any others. Semi-ready has also effected economy and is able to place its goods before patrons at a close margin that makes them much more valuable at the figure they are sold than if they were manufactured in small quantities, in different places, under local and other disadvantageous conditions.

I was firmly convinced, after an impartial investigation into the wonderful system that has been evolved whereby the art of wholesale tailoring has been reduced to a science as marvellous as that of any other line of enterprise, that the Semi-ready idea stands for and represents something more than the average man comprehends; that it points the way to better things and the realization of higher ideals; that it brings home to the men of moderate means the greatest possible advantages and pleasures in the matter of dress, and contributes to the satisfaction and sense of comfort that all males, young and old, feel when they secure the best without delay or disappointment.



The Spirit of Ready

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"Champion of the Year"

—New York Herald, July 16th, 1908.

This extract voices the opinion of the English press after the performances of the Ross Rifle at Bisley Meet last year. Canadian Rifle shots at the D.R.A. last year were equally successful when, though many who used Ross Rifles were comparatively green men, 60% won places on the 1909 Bisley team. No keen rifle shot can afford to do without one this season.* Write for catalogue and prices of our

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stamped on the piece of it can be run into a separate pigeon hole. There is also a column for weighing all the mail in bulk. Thus simplifying the present system of periodical weighing employed for fixing railroad charges. The number of pieces passing through the machine is also recorded.

Telephone Disinfectant

The Royal Canadian Sales Company, Toronto, are placing on the market the Disco Phone Disinfecter. This apparatus is applied to the mouthpiece of the telephone by screwing the vulcanized rubber receiver into which you speak, placing the end of the receiver through the hole in the centre of the disinfecter and screwing the mouthpiece back into place on the telephone. Disco is a solid compound composed of powerful chemicals which destroys odors, kills germs and prevents eczema by keeping the mouthpiece of the telephone constantly disinfected.

Remarkable Counting Machine.

A seedling machine that is reported to be an improvement over sowing of the kind yet produced, the invention of a Swedish engineer, was recently supplied to the seedling house of the Bank of Finland for experimental purposes, and its performance was highly successful in point of rapidity. The machine is operated by electricity, and is capable of sowing up and sorting money into paper bags or tubes at the phenomenal rate of 12,000 coins an hour. The coins are placed in a receptacle at the back of the machine, and by mechanical means are sorted, stacked and inserted into paper tubes.

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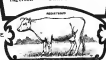
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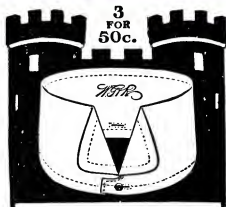
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